Egyptian KEY

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Vol. 2, No. 5

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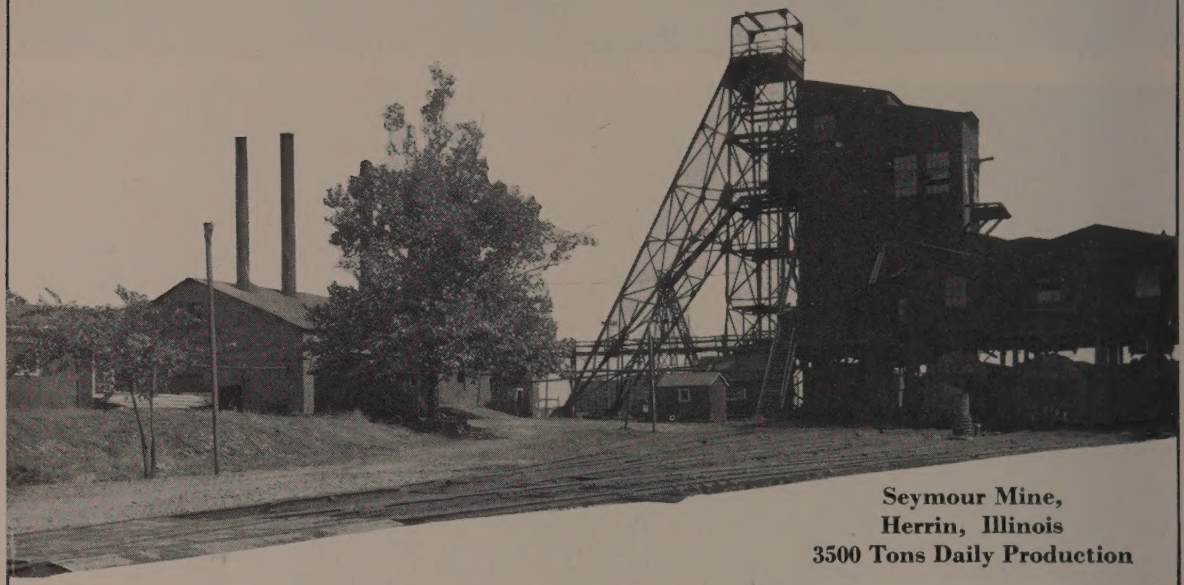

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Egyptian KEY

OPENS THE DOORS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

Volume 2, Number 5 August, 1946

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Aerial View of Little Grassy Lake, photo by Horrell Studio ..... Cover
The Open Door 3
Egypt's Book Shelf 8
The Key Hole, by Lillian Goddard 14
Whatd'ya Mean—Progress?, by Will Griffith 17
Have You Seen? 20
Unforgotten Lady, by Judge John M. Eckley 21
Idols of Egypt—XI.—Daniel Pope Cook, by Barbara Burr Hubbs 25
S.I.N.U. Champions 28
Her Fires Burn Brighter, by Helen Church 29
Land of the Peach, by Will Griffith 32
Limelight, by Ernest Bicknell 33
A Glimpse Beyond, by J. O. Gibbe 37
Can You Top These? 38
A Bell Speaks, by Daisy Tucker Moore 39
Lake Glendale at Night, by Bernie Smith 41
Why Not Have a Pioneer Village? by John W. Allen 42
De Soto Slept Here, by Fred W. Richart 45
Egyptian Starlight—VII.—Howard Barlow 47
Tie Plant in Summer, by Margaret Cimossa 50
Rock House by the Road, by Mrs. Arthur R. Lawder 51
Historical Society Tour 54
Homes of the Future, by Neil R. Salemi 56
Crab Orchard Wildlife 57
Looking Ahead With Egypt, by Lillian Goddard 58
Wind and Rain, by Irene V. Brook 63
The Violin Song, by Guyla Wallis Moreland 63
Egyptorials 64

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The Open Door

Globe Trotter

Just a few lines to let you know that the EGYPTIAN KEY has traveled around the world. Just a few days ago a young man stopped in at the Tuthill Oil Company, where I work, and told me he had seen my picture in the EGYPTIAN KEY, holding a large string of fish. I am sending you a copy of a letter I received from Sgt. Woodard, another boy from Dongola, while he was in Japan, and this is what he has to say about the EGYPTIAN KEY.

Anna, Illinois. Glenn McIntire.

Dear Glenn:

Well, old boy, how are things going in old Anna town these days? I've thought of you several times, but have never taken time to write. A friend of mine, M/Sgt. Hieser of Gorham, Illinois, came by my barracks and handed me a magazine from dear old Illinois. It was an issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY. Much to my surprise a picture of you and Dale Denny was in the magazine. Sure was some string of fish you had! Besides the picture there were many interesting articles in the issue. I'm coming home soon, or I would see if I could have the magazine sent to me.

Life in this country isn't bad but still I'll be glad to be home. I guess a fellow will have to wait his turn. Sure will be glad to be back and see all my old buddies. Until then, take it easy, Mac, and I'll be seeing you. Tell all the fellows "hello" for me.

S/Sgt. R. L. Woodard.

Tokyo, Japan.

P.S.—Sgt. Hieser keeps all the issues of EGYPTIAN KEY and is making a book out of them. I've read several of the old issues now, and have enjoyed them all.

Are You Listening?

There are so many native Egyptians here that I intend to ask each one of them to be permanent subscribers of the KEY, and to have them give their home towns a boost.

I want to suggest to an organization, probably the Illinois State Historical Society, that they raise funds to erect a John A. Logan memorial building, to be located in Carbondale at Southern Illinois Normal University, in which to house manuscript records, and other valuable historical documents. Descendants of the pioneers of Egypt could contribute much of this noteworthy data.

The memorial would honor the personality and services of Logan, who made his home in Carbondale during and after the Civil War. Such a building could be similar to the Jefferson Memorial, Forest Park, in St. Louis.

J. M. Childers.

Detroit, Michigan.

Attention, Mr. Cole

After looking at the copy of your magazine, I am sending in my subscription.

As for the FFFG brand name for flour which is mentioned in the article of Volume 2, Number 4, page 33, I believe that I can explain the significance of it. In the days of muzzle loaders black powder was furnished in four grades. FG (fine grain) was a rather coarse powder commonly used only for cannon and smooth bores, but never for rifles. FFG (fine fine grain) was used some in rifles, but the better marksmen did not like it as it fouled very badly. FFFG (fine fine fine grain) was used to load the rifles as the best powder for this purpose. The fourth grade FFFFG was used only for priming of the flint lock rifles. At the time the name for flour was selected FFFG would have been the best powder since the finer grade vanished as the use of percussion caps spread. Also, the significance of the name would have been widely comprehended at the time it was started. It seems logical, therefore, to assume that the name of the flour was taken from the designation for the most widely used and best grade of powder.

Ralph B. Thompson.

Riverside, Illinois.

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KEY Off the Starboard Bow

Please find enclosed $2.00 for which send two subscriptions to two of my buddies.

The EGYPTIAN KEY sure does describe some of the beauties and advantages of being an Egyptian. These two subscriptions are for two of my former shipmates, and let's hope these issues of the KEY will bring them to Egypt where they can find out more about our part of the state.

Don Edwards.
Marion, Illinois.

Thoughtful Lady

I wish to acknowledge the back copies of the EGYPTIAN KEY. I have thoroughly enjoyed reading them. The articles are well written, the pictures are excellent, and the good printing and paper help to make it a most attractive magazine. Since I lived in Egypt for five years, and have visited there on numerous occasions, much of this is familiar material and so doubly appreciated. Jeanette Wasson.
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Smith Rides Again

The current issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY is here and I like it very much.

Some typesetter slipped when you set up my letter to you, as I see the warden I referred to is mentioned as Jim *White*. If you will refer to your letter to me of September 26, 1945, you will see that you had it right as Jim *Smith*.

This Jim Smith was too fabulous a character to have any doubt arise about his name. From the time he was sentry before Grant's tent at Shiloh to the day he underwent an appendicitis operation (without anaesthetic) at almost eighty years, his life had few dull moments. He was part of an era when this nation was spreading. W. R. Robinson.
New York City.

You Are SO Correct

Your editorial on the compulsory military training certainly is timely and to the point. Millions of Americans are not convinced that we should embark on an adventure in militarism which has destroyed every country in which it has been tried. H. E. Lockard.
Mound City, Illinois.

Publicity Agent

I did not wait for your suggestion to "Tell the world about Egypt," as I have been doing that ever since I received the first number. When the magazine came which contained the article about the Lusk family, I told about it, and gave my copy to Mrs. Florence Springer here, who is a member of the Lusk family. (She and I have been friends for three-fourths of a century, since we were in the same class in the public school when we were eight years old.) They were prominent and well-known people here ever since I can remember. Not so many of them are left now, but they are all interested in the KEY. Two of Mrs. Springer's daughters, Mrs. Jackson, of Grand Tower, and Miss Jessie Springer, formerly of Edwardsville, now of Springfield, each made a subscription for the other, so my publicity did you a little good.

I notice letters in the latest issue from Jessie Springer and Louise Travous, of Edwardsville. The latter is also a member of the Lusk family.

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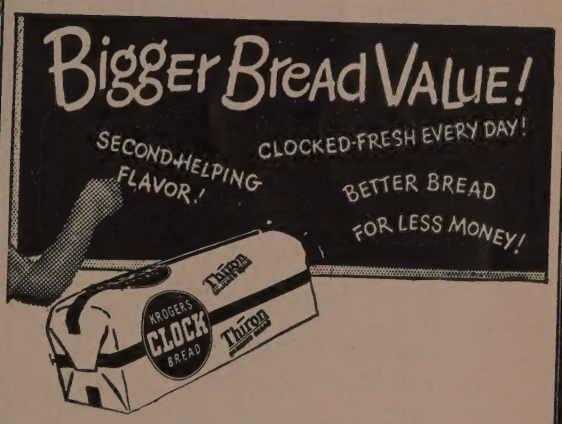

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I hope that your list of subscribers will continue to grow, and that you will occupy an ever-enlarging place in Egypt.

(Mrs.) Annie C. Burton.

Edwardsville, Illinois.

Far Off Fields Aren't Greener

You are to be commended for your work in behalf of Southern Illinois. Too many of us, who have lived here all our lives, have only the vaguest notion of our interesting historical landmarks, and our outstanding natural beauty spots, or where to find them.

Success to you in bringing a deeper appreciation of the beauties and interest of the things at hand.

Mrs. C. T. Jeffries.

Dix, Illinois.

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For the benefit of housewives wishing to serve fried, stewed, baked, or raw apples often, it is suggested to growers that they plant varieties to give a constant succession of fruit from early spring until snow flies.

A suggestion to restaurant, cafeteria, hotel and roadside lunch counter proprietors: serve a couple of ripe apples to each customer. Do not put it on the bill, charge it to advertising. Many people, living where no peaches are grown, have never eaten a really good tree-ripened peach. Place beside each plate three ripe peaches, a paring knife, some sugar and, if you can get it, some real cream.

It is really a tragedy that so little fruit is served in our eating places when so much is raised. Doctors will tell you that fruit is an important element in the diet, for which there is no substitute.

E. W. Reef.

Carbondale, Illinois.

Impressed Poet

Found one of your magazines at Rockwood, and liked it so well am enclosing $1.00 for my subscription.

I live near the old Jarrot house at Cahokia, Illinois, but was born near Rockwood, Illinois.

I write poetry for the *Tri-Town Herald*, our weekly paper.

Eva Bee Martin.

East St. Louis, Illinois.

Southern Hospitality

Am sending $1.00 for a subscription of the KEY, to be sent to Dr. Eva Wilson. In her seventies, Dr. Wilson is still practicing at the Women's Reformatory here, and has been since it opened in 1931. Two years ago she fell and broke her hip, yet, in her wheel chair, she continues to make the daily rounds of the hospital.

In her younger years she worked for the Illinois Tuberculosis Association, and spent a lot of time in Southern Illinois on lecture tours. She often speaks of the wonderful hospitality she received, and the grand people she contacted.

Recently, I gave her a copy of the KEY to read as she had told me that she spent some time at the old Rose Hotel, in Elizabethtown. She enjoyed the issue so much that I want her to receive the magazine regularly.

Adeline Corzine, R. N.

Dwight, Illinois.

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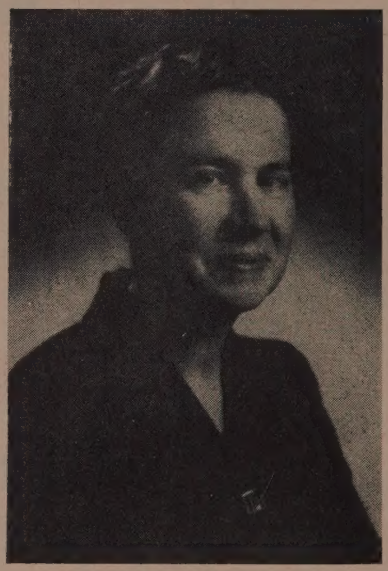
Egypt's Book Shelf

News and comments about books written by Egyptians or of books pertaining to Illinois and in particular to Egypt.

There is little respect in this enlightened (?) day for mid-wifery. From Marie Campbell's *Folks Do Get Born* you will gain a new conception of the practice. With a tender understanding, and a keen appreciation, she depicts the "granny-midwives" of the Old South. It is a book of which an attempted review or synopsis would be an injustice. Read it!

Laughter, pathos, courage, and



Marie Campbell

faith come very readily from between the lines. You cannot read *Folks Do Get Born* without a better understanding of the Negro problem, and a realization that our forebears and ourselves, partially at least, have made it what it is today.

The author of this book must have great depth of character. We are proud to know she is an Alexander County girl. We fancy she has always been a practical dreamer—one who loved the beautiful in life, saw the fine in simple things, dreamed her dreams, and got things done.

Born on a farm February 17, 1907, Miss Campbell evidently spent her childhood enjoying baby lambs, growing things, and harvesting. She says, "About 1915 Vachel Lindsay stayed two days with us. I had never before had a friend who would lie all morning on the leaves with me watching a marsh marigold bud unroll into a flower." Undoubtedly there is a strain of poetry in Marie.

We forgive her for not calling her Alma Mater a university. She says, "I have a Bachelor's degree from Southern Illinois College." Her Master's degree came from George Peabody College in Nashville, Tennessee.

For the past year and a half, having won a Guggenheim Fellowship, Marie Campbell has been studying folk, mainly in the South, and is "full of stuff to write about." If you have read *Cloud Walking* and *Folks Do Get Born*, you will await impatiently more from her wonderfully expressive pen.

Published by Rinehart and Company, New York.

"He had no choice. He never had had a choice. Possibly he never would have one. All his life might be like this—taking his orders, liking them or not."

This is a quick synopsis of his life from the first section of Shirley Seifert's new book *Captain Grant.* The world always has been too harsh in its judgment of General Ulysses S. Grant. An old friend of ours used to say "Know the background before you criticize a person." This historical novel gives us that background, in a minute, personal, sympathetic way. The only momentous thing Grant ever did in his life that he wanted to do, was marry the girl of his own choice, Julia Dent. That marriage was his greatest blessing.

Grant won all his victories by refusing to believe any obstacle insurmountable, especially those which stood between him and the vivacious Southern girl he loved. This great romance gains in its excitement because it is true.

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is to absorb it through reading historical novels. Miss Seifert did a great deal of reading and research before she wrote this one. She gleaned her facts from many documents never intended for publication: General Grant's own letters and account books; letters and journals of his contemporaries, of the Grant and Dent families; War Department records; and files of the Missouri Historical Society.

In this novel one meets again many Civil War characters, even the Confederate General Pickett from Quincy, Illinois, and General McClellan of Centralia fame—meets them in their youth with Grant. The book deals with his life from the years in West Point Academy through the Mexican War, up to June 16, 1861, and the beginning of the Civil War. With accurate historical detail, Miss Seifert makes not only General Grant's young manhood, but the entire period, very real.

Shirley Seifert was born in St. Peters, Missouri, near St. Louis, and has lived all her life in that part of the country. She has ridden on government snagboats and ferryboats and packets on the Missouri, and has skated for miles on its frozen sloughs. She taught school for a short period, then, at the time of America's entry into World War I, took a business course and served until midsummer, 1919, in the publicity division of the Liberty Loan organization. She is the author of the successful historical novels, *Those Who Go Against the Current*, *Waters of the Wilderness*, *Land of Tomorrow*, *The Wayfarer*, and *River Out of Eden*.

Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, New York City.

K. G.

Perhaps we should be lenient in reviewing a book by H. Allen Smith since a friend of ours once had him autograph one of his first editions for us. Maybe we're unhappy because it rained today, or because we're not one of the hundred-odd persons to whom he dedicated his latest attempt at humor. Anyway, *Rhubarb* left us wishing we'd gone to the movie instead of taking that time to read it.

The book holds no attraction for the literary reader. It is overrun

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MASTER BREAD

with obscene passages, lurid details, and sex. It reeks with poor taste, sarcasm, and vulgarity.

The story, briefly, centers around a feline who inherits the Loons, a baseball club, from its millionaire master. Following the reading of the will, Rhubarb becomes the most celebrated animal in the world, a complaint of insanity is filed against the cat by the millionaire's daughter, the personified pet undergoes an operation, and the ball team wins the championship.

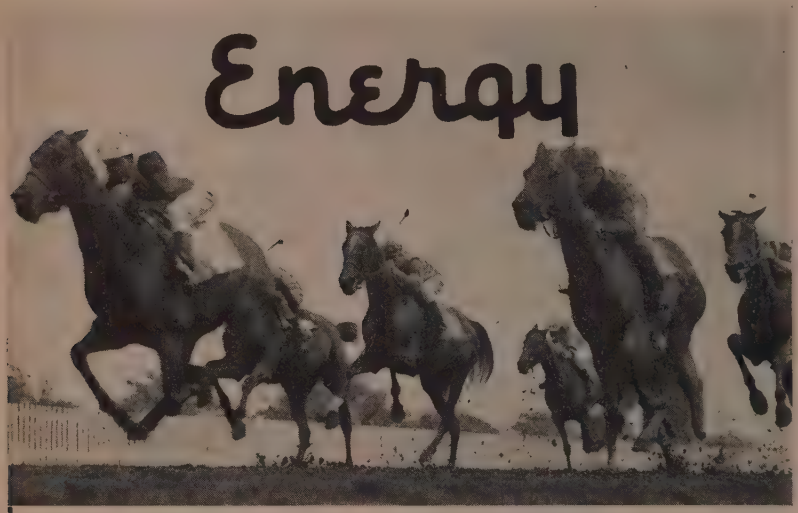
Characters of questionable occupation and ideas filter through the loosely-woven plot.

Rhubarb lacks honest laughs, genuine modesty, and reality. It is a twentieth century attempt at mythology—nothing more; an insult to animal admirers, courts of justice, and baseball fans.

Perhaps Smith isn't to blame for the laxity displayed in *Rhubarb* because the American public has all but turned its back on refined reading. Yet, with the book, Smith adds another "for adults only," to the already over-crowded book shelves, and makes it a little harder for John Q. to return to intellectual prose.

Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York.

L. G.



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In *The Beckoning Shadow*, the coal mining section of Southern Illinois is used for the locale of the story. The book bears the name Denis Scott as author. Actually this is a pseudonym for the two collaborators, Mary Means and Theodore Saunders. A previous book by these two mystery writers, *Murder Makes a Villain*, started them upon their career of crime, as it were, and they continue that career very successfully in their recent book.

Several very good bits of coal mining description are woven into the plot, which is superior to the average one turned out today by the mine-run (no pun intended) detective writers who seemingly care not for reputation, but more for the few shekels another story will bring them. Writers of good detective stories find the top of the field uncrowded.

"Denis Scott" is a name which we predict you will see many more times on mysterv stories.

Published by Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

David S. McIntosh of the Department of Music, Southern Illinois Normal University, is nationally recognized as an authority on folk songs and music, especially those of the area in which Egypt is situated.

In the most recent publication of Professor McIntosh, *Southern Illinois Singing Games and Songs*, he gives the words and music of some twenty-nine songs and singing games. Accompanying each are comments by the author as to the source of his material, interesting incidentals, and dance instructions.

This book is a welcome addition

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to the not-too-large library of folklore.

Published by David S. McIntosh, Carbondale, Illinois.

In *The Shocking Pink Hat* Frances Crane relates further adventures of Pat and Jean Abbott, the leading characters of her detective series. Miss Crane, in her latest book, puts the action in California. With her much admired ability to give her readers the actual feel of a locality, without forcing them to wade through paragraphs of words of description, Frances Crane again makes her reader feel as if he were present in the exact location where the action takes place, in this case fog-ridden San Francisco.

Readers of the EGYPTIAN KEY know of our fondness for Miss Crane's detective stories. We can say truthfully that each succeeding book upholds the standards of the previous ones, and proves equally as interesting.

Published by Random House, New York City.

Every so often an Englishman comes to this country, takes a look around, and immediately becomes an expert on things American. When the question is brought up for discussion as to how such a "tight little isle" has been able to direct, and rule, most of the world for many centuries, one only has to observe the insouciance, the gall, the infallibility of the race, to understand why the English may loose every battle but the last one, and may lose the war but win the peace.

Graham Hutton, who served as Director of British Information in the United States for several of the years just past, fills 343 pages with what he hopes we ignorant Americans will feel to be a true appraisal of ourselves.

From our very limited knowledge of the Midwest and things Midwestern, we will hazard a guess that Hutton came to Chicago and got in with that certain longhaired, near communistic group of "intelligentsia" who feel that they know all the answers, and who feel sorry for themselves because they are Americans.

Hutton states that the climate in the Midwest is the worst in the world. This from a citizen of Lon-

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don, England! He describes blizzards, drab ice-covered lands, frozen and frigid towns, etc. We imagine that he spent the winter of 1943-44 in Chicago, and that that is the extent of his first-hand knowledge of the Midwestern climate.

Hutton expresses surprise at the manners of the citizens of the Midwest! If you want to work up a good lather just read his book *Midwest at Noon*. He displays his shallow knowledge of organizations when he classes the Elks along in the service club list with Rotary, Lions, and Kiwanis.

Hutton falls into the error so frequently made by superficial students and states that Horace Greeley wrote the Reverend J. B. Grinnell, "Go West, young man, go West and grow up with the rest of the country." Those who trace down the facts of such things know that an editorial writer in the *Terre Haute (Indiana) Express* first wrote these words, and that Horace Greeley used quotation marks around them when he used them. But Mr. Hutton made no effort to get to the roots of anything about the Midwest. He accepted all that was handed him by that particular group of Anglophiles of Chicago.

Let us read on. "The region was always one of heavy drinkers: drinkers who could carry their liquor. Drunks used to be more common in the East. They are no longer . . . ." My, how Mollie has changed in the last few years. You would never know her for the same girl! A page farther on Hutton states, "Periodicals, persons who get regularly and periodically drunk, seem to be more common than in other parts of America or in Europe." You sure know your America and the Midwest, Hutton!

As an example of his unprofound writing, Hutton states "Chicago's Caxton Club and its unique Lakeside Press . . . ." The Lakeside Press actually is owned by R. R. Donnelley and Sons. The Caxton Club is a social group.

We read that the Midwest has more cranks and phobias than the rest of the United States. We notice the omission of mention of any newspaper in Springfield, Illinois, of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* and the *Star-Times*, and of the *Chicago Tribune*. We see much mention paid to the publications of millionaire Marshall Field III.

If you are like us, and want to enjoy a good mad, read *Midwest at Noon* by that Englishman, Graham Hutton.

Published by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago.

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The Key Hole

By LILLIAN GODDARD

"There's nothing new under the sun," so the saying goes, yet we have new writers in every issue of our publication.

It will be the specific purpose of this department in the future, then, to give our readers a few details, brief personality sketches, about our contributors. We may tell you their hobbies, age, ideas, dreams, or witty expressions—all for your enlightenment and entertainment.

New babies deserve a great deal of attention and protection; so does a new magazine department. We'll appreciate any suggestions, for the improvement of "The Key Hole," that you may have to offer. If you like it, come in; if you don't, write.

Fred Richart, of Carterville, went to school "from a log cabin to the University of Illinois," and maintained his interest in paper and pencils, books and articles, long enough to be assistant editor of *Coal Age*, operators' magazine, published in New York. Retired now, he writes for enjoyment, and takes pictures to illustrate his material; is still superintendent of his Sunday School after more than twenty-five years.

Principal of the McKinley School, Du Quoin, Irene V. Brock holds two degrees; Bachelor of Education from Southern Illinois Normal University, and Master of Arts from George Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee. Her interests run "primarily in education, art, and creative writing." At present, Miss Brock is secretary of the S.I.N.U. Alumni Association, and a member of Delta Kappa Gamma.

John W. Allen, Curator of History in the Museum of Natural and Social Science, Southern Illinois Normal University, studied in London University, London, England, in 1919, and served overseas with the United States Marine Corps in World War I. For twenty-seven years Allen was City Superintendent of Schools in Eldorado and Fairfield. He married Johanna Ruppel and has two children.

Guyla Wallis Moreland, mother of three sons and two daughters, lives in Pulaski County in a "wee white house, with a red roof." In her own words, Mrs. Moreland is "co-owner of eight dairy cows, one bull, one horse, five calves, seven cats, three pigs and one sow, fifty-one beehives, one hound dog, and twenty acres of reclaimed hill land." When she doesn't have crops to harvest, jelly to make, fruit to can, chickens and livestock to look after, Guyla is keeping the books for her husband's radiator repair and welding shop in Cairo, writing stories, poetry, or taking pictures.

Bernie Smith calls Harrisburg home. For several years he acted as assistant manager of WEBQ, radio station, and at present is studying for the ministry at Olivet College, Bourbonnais, Illinois. Many of his poems have appeared in religious publications.

Born in Mound City, Daisy Tucker Moore still lives there with her mother and two sons, one a sergeant in the U. S. Army in the recruiting service. She is working in the Lowell Grade School office and is a qualified beautician. She is "interested in writing, and enjoys drawing and painting."

Ernest Bicknell, formerly of the EGYPTIAN KEY staff, now lives in California where he is doing promotional work for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Bicknell was educated at Kentucky Military Institute, Butler University, and California State College. He has a wife and two children.

When you're least expecting it. Margaret Cimossa will spring a wee bit of Irish wit on you—never gives you an ordinary answer. She attended Southern Illinois Normal University, is a past president of the Business and Professional Women's Club, and collects stamps as a hobby. Living in Carbondale, Mrs. Cimossa is employed in the office of Kopper's Tie Plant. When she gave us her manuscript she apologetically told us, "I've never written a poem before in my life!"

Helen Saegesser Church received the Bachelor of Arts degree from McKendree College, did graduate work at the University of Illinois, and is married to Leon Church. Together they publish *The Advertiser*, Lebanon's weekly newspaper. Mrs. Church says she "is not energetic herself, and therefore enjoys people who 'do things.' Recently, my husband and I opened 'The Hobby

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House,' which accepts handmade articles for display or sale."

To escape the parental desire that he should be a blacksmith, J. O. Gibbe ran away from home at the age of sixteen and learned the painter's trade. He served in the first World War, spending Armistice Day, 1918, in France. Because of poor health, Gibbe began writing poetry in 1937 to fill in the long hours. At present he is working for the Cairo Coca Cola Bottling Company, and "trying to prepare three volumes of poetry for publication—without a typewriter." A "rabid baseball fan," Gibbe is also a "nature lover." He has four children.

Barbara Burr Hubbs lives in Chicago with her husband and her two young sons. She is the daughter of Bert R. Burr, of Murphysboro. Barbara attended Southern Illinois Normal University, and served as librarian at the University of Illinois and the Illinois State Library. She is the author of *Pioneer Folks and Places, an Historical Gazetteer of Williamson County*, and has contributed articles to various publications.

John M. Eckley, county judge of Hamilton County, resides in McLeansboro. He very graciously consented to write the story for this issue of the KEY on the Mary E. Cloud McCoy Library, since he was a member of the first library board. Eckley is tall, slender, gray-eyed; kindly in every respect.

Wife of the retired Jackson County Treasurer, Mrs. Arthur R. Lawder has lived in Murphysboro for several years. Known to her friends as Julia, she has a keen, inquiring mind, pleasant smile, and likable personality. With her "Rock House" story she gives KEY readers some interesting, and hitherto unpublished, facts about that historic relic. Mrs. Lawder is the granddaughter of the original owner of Rock House.

Neil R. Salemi, Director of Public Relations of the Illinois Housing Board, has his office in Chicago. After atending Northwestern University, Salemi spent four years in the U. S. Army. Prior to his present position, he worked for Oak Leaves, a magazine, and the *Chicago Daily News*. Born and raised in Oak Park, Salemi continues to live there with his wife and eighteen months old son.

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And under the soil of Southern Illinois is a vast storehouse of natural resources, some scarcely touched—great basins of oil, endless miles of coal veins, felspar and lead, limestone and other minerals, ready to be turned into industrial uses.

Perhaps no spot in the Middle West possesses so much scenic beauty, or so many historical shrines. Here, the early white settlers in Illinois established their colonies, reclaiming a wilderness and leaving their influence and culture.

Southern Illinois is the land of opportunity, in which agriculture, industry, and labor can prosper by all the means that have made America so great.

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What d'ya Mean--Progress?

By WILL GRIFFITH

ACCOMPLISHMENT speaks for itself, it needs no ballyhoo. Failure attempts to cover up with a welter of words, with a magician-like attempt at misdirection. Half truths are more damnable than good outright lies.

The failure of President Chester F. Lay at Southern Illinois Normal University is jeopardizing the future of that fine institution.

In an attempt to justify himself, Doctor Lay recently had printed a sixteen-page pamphlet entitled "Southern Progress." This he has had mailed to those he considered leading and influential citizens of Illinois. Who paid the printing and postage bills? Perhaps the same taxpayers who financed the presidential exit door—a door no other president of Southern found necessary.

If Southern had progressed under the present administration, no report would be necessary—*all* the citizens would know of that success. Is Doctor Lay attempting to defend himself? The pamphlet is so crammed with mis-statements, is so filled with incorrect data, is so sly a piece of propaganda that it is sufficient evidence on which to cause a dismissal. Is it his admission of failure?

To depict the entire booklet would take more space than we feel we can devote to Doctor Lay. In fact, if it were not for our interest in the university we would not dignify the flagrant propaganda sheet with criticism.

We will point out the most glaring errors in this mechanism of defense. We will cite specific examples. We challenge Doctor Lay to submit evidence in rebuttal.

The first heading reads "Southern Faces Forward." Did it face backward under Presidents Shryock and Pulliam, to mention the immediate predecessors of the incumbent? Indeed, did not Roscoe Pulliam place Southern in its present status of "university"?

"Enrollment Booming" places second in the pamphlet. Could it be that a booming gun backfires? Southern in the past has had an enrollment of 2,200. Consider that many of the larger schools of the country cannot accommodate all the applications sent them. Some of the veterans can find no other school to attend. With the enrollment of every educational institution in the United States soaring upward. Southern's population certainly is not spectacular.

The fourth heading reads "Faculty Enlarged and Strengthened." The statement is made that the faculty has been increased 13.8 per cent. These figures will check if you include the host of "faculty assistants" that have been employed (persons working on their Master's degree, and doing some teaching on the side), yet compare these figures with the following resignations: fifteen Doctors, replaced by four; seven Masters' resignations, twelve new Masters employed. The statistics, taken from the official faculty bulletins issued by the president's office, show this to be a loss of eleven Doctors and a gain of five Masters.

Why did these faculty members resign? They had been at Southern for years, owned their homes! Ask them.

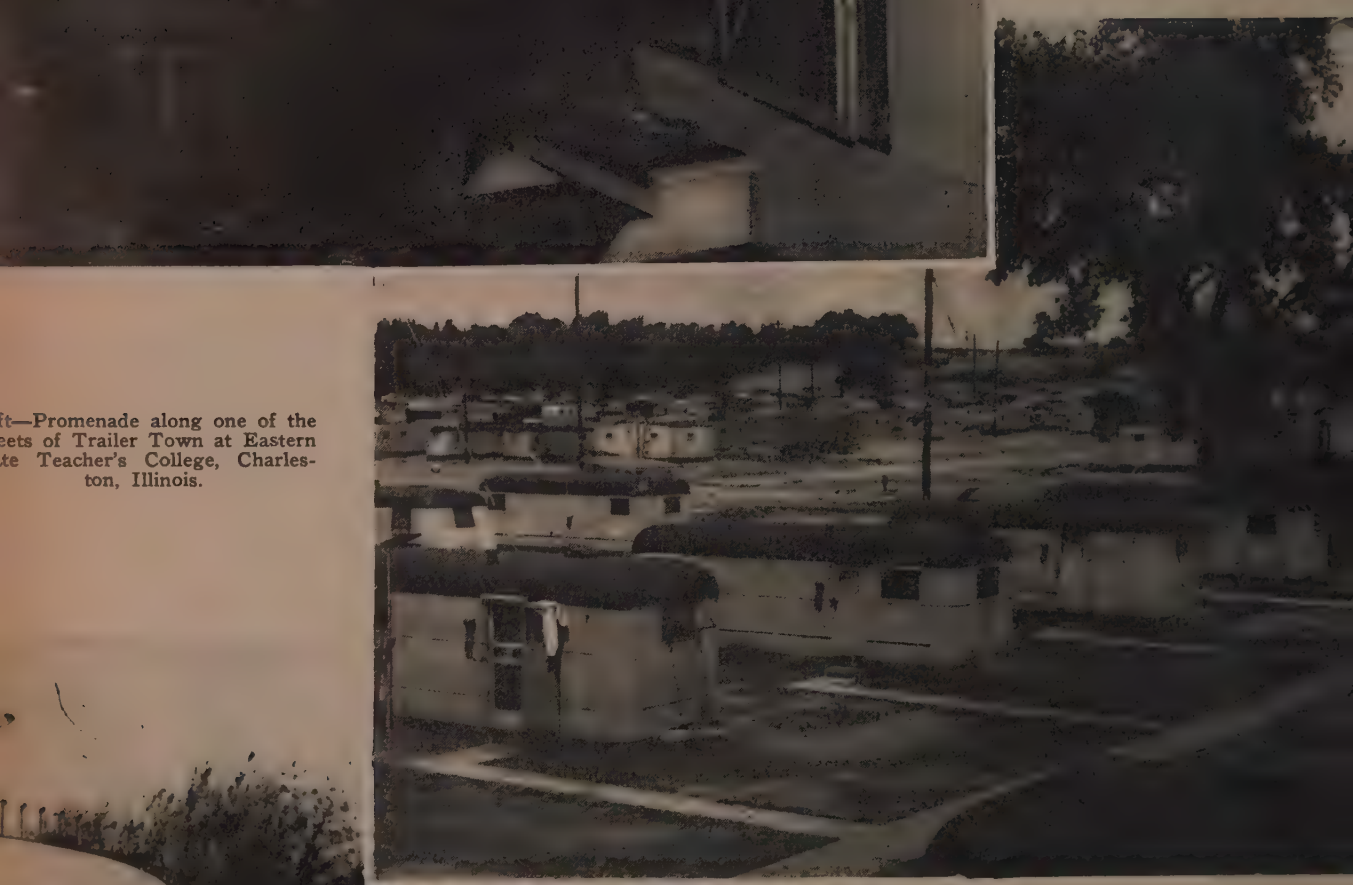
To go farther into the record, Doctors Tenney, Abbott, and Alexander practically have ceased to teach because of their work in administrative fields. Then remember that four professors with Masters' degrees have been retired. Now the figures show a net loss of fourteen Doctors, and a net gain of one Master in the teaching faculty. Progress?

The resignations and appointments listed above are taken from the administrative bulletins through June 7, 1946. "Southern Progress" is dated June 15, 1946. We do not believe that in those few short days, eight to be exact, which included one Sunday, two Saturdays, registration and the start of the summer term, that sufficient new faculty members were employed to offset the appalling loss cited above.

Perhaps the duties necessary to run the university are heavier now. It would seem so since Doctor Lay has nine administrative assistants whereas President Pulliam

Pictorial Proof

Left—A "GI" carries his bride o the threshold of their trailer h at Eastern State Teacher's Coll Charleston, Illinois, a state s ported institution under the ju diction of the Teacher's Col Board.



ft—Promenade along one of the eets of Trailer Town at Eastern te Teacher's College, Charles- ton, Illinois.

Right—View of trailer camp i use at Peoria, Illinois, by Brad ley University, a private institu tion.

needed only two. Besides these, there are two full-time personnel deans. Deans Woody and Lentz managed to do considerable teaching in addition to their duties as deans handling a larger number of students. Progress?

At the close of the attempt to prove that faculty resignations are due to causes beyond the control of the president, this sentence appears: "Two or three others have resigned effective this fall." Can't a C.P.A. count? Could it be that this was inserted as a feather bed on which to light when the complete facts became known?

"Housing Problem Tackled," is the one frank statement in the pamphlet. Tackled for a loss (as they say in the football jargon), of prestige by the university, of students, of revenue by the merchants of Southern Illinois, and of a progressive rating among other universities. Much has been muttered from the executive office about housing—the results are negligible. Veterans took time from their studies to make a trip to Springfield, feeling the fault was there. They discovered that the lack of housing action was because of Texas slow motion. Now, a year too late, work is being started on 35 barracks to house 105 veterans and their families. Doctor Lay are you planning to purchase Quonsot huts now at a cost of $3,000 as stated by your assistants, when you could have gotten them last September practically for nothing from war department surplus? Progress?

Under the heading "Student Participation in University Affairs" an attempt is made to show that students have a finger in the pie at Southern. Note that President Lay does not mention that two members of the Student Council are members of the 16-member Advisory Council. He states that the Council is composed of fourteen administration-faculty members, and quietly deletes any mention of the students. When he overlooked the students last spring he was properly reprimanded by them in an all-university assembly meeting, and he restored student representation on the Council. Did you make that promise with your fingers crossed, Doctor Lay?

"What of Tomorrow" brings the extensive and expensive bluff to a close. That question interests us, too. What of tomorrow? Will Southern be saddled forever with an incompetent rider? Will it continue to deteriorate in faculty-student morale? Will citizens of Egypt cease to care? Will Doctor Lay continue to "lose friends and alienate people?" Will he maintain the title of Mrs. Malaprop?

There is more on the deficit side of the ledger. For instance, Doctor Lay did not acquaint himself with the G. I. Bill. He didn't know that veterans must attend school so many days of each month in order to get subsistence. At the last minute, when the veterans called this to his attention, he threw in an August workshop. Then he instructed his deans to discourage attendance. He'd planned, originally, to close up shop after the regular first summer session of eight weeks. Progress?

Do you think that Southern has progressed when for twelve months no steps have been taken on the $4,623,373 building program which was approved by the last legislature? Inquiries of State employees elicit the statements that Doctor Lay keeps changing the plans. Questioning at Southern brings forth the alibi that contractors cannot be found to bid on jobs, and that materials cannot be otained. We know that at other spots in Illinois, State institutions are building; we know that in other states, other universities and colleges are building; we know that the Baptist Foundation, directly across the street from S.I.N.U., has been building a $60,000 annex this year. Progress?

At the time this is written, a count of the faculty list in the official catalog of S.I.N.U. 1945-46 shows thirty-three faculty names (eighteen Doctors) that will not be in the 1946-47 catalog (now months overdue). This is a loss of twenty-two per cent, surely too high a percentage for ten months, even including death and retirement. Progress?

How many professors are there in the economics department? In the agriculture department? Progress?

For two years there has not been a head of either the art or the physical education department. Why no appointments?

Why are new faculty members employed and given higher salaries than faculty members of equal rank who have served the school for many years?

Why do administrative officials tell students who wish to enroll at Southern that there are plenty of other good schools in Illinois?

Why are faculty representatives of Southern refused the right to speak to senior classes of certain high schools in Egypt, now that Doctor Lay is president?

Why does Doctor Lay discriminate against women as faculty members?

Why has Doctor Lay cut the amount of funds to the athletic department to a figure less than half that of the other normal schools of the State? Why does Southern practically have no intra-mural sports?

How is all the money spent that is poured into the student activities fund?

In the *Mount Carmel Republican-Register* we see the advertisement of Eastern State Teachers College at Charleston, endeavoring to bring students from Egypt to that school. How does it happen that Eastern can advertise in our area for students while Southern is trying to discourage entrants? Could it be because Eastern put up a trailer camp on the campus a year ago while nothing was done at Southern?

Why hasn't Doctor Lay resigned? Certainly he must have known for many months that he was not a success on the job. Surely he would not be on the defensive constantly if he did not feel his administration needed defending. Doesn't he know that he is the man who is not wanted?

The time has come for the Teachers' College Board to act. Southern must not be sacrificed. The future of the youth of Egypt depends upon its action. Should the Board fail to remove Doctor Lay at once, there will be some substantiation of the charge that he was placed at Southern to wreck it. The Board shys away from Southern Illinois citizens now. Why doesn't it face the issue?

Mrs. Helen Rose Pegelow, Miss Harriet McIntyre, General Robert Davis, Doctor Preston Bradley, Lindell Sturgis, Richard Dunn, Russell Guin, Ira Means, and L. M. Walker, it is up to you.

Have You Seen?

Top left—The other side of the Old Stone Face. (Photo by John Foster, Harrisburg.) Top right — Scene at Bell Smith Springs. (Photo by Horrell Studio, Anna.) Center left—The Mississippi River from the overlook at Fort Kaskaskia State Park. (Photo by George Stevens, Carbondale.) Bottom left — Fort Chartres State Park, the powder magazine in right background. (Photo by George Stevens, Carbondale.) Bottom right—The new Shadrach Bond State Memorial Park, Chester. (Photo Chester Chamber of Commerce.)

Unforgotten Lady

By JUDGE JOHN M. ECKLEY

One woman raised her eyes from the sordidness of the streets to the stars, and saw a vision. She believed in education, so she left her most precious possession to generations to follow in her stead.

FOR a quarter of a century, the most beautiful and imposing building in McLeansboro has stood as a silent reminder of a gracious and good woman, of her generosity and of her love for the community in which she lived and died.

So often a man and woman meet, fall in love, marry, and in time build a home. Years pass and death comes along its inevitable course. In entirely too many instances, the home is broken up, and the building sold or torn down. In too many instances, the home becomes a haven for business which in a short time destroys all the sentiment, all the affection for the once enjoyed home. Thus many landmarks of communities deteriorate or are removed, under the so-called march of progress.

Mary Ellen Cloud McCoy

Courtesy Lea Walker, McLeansboro.

It is not this way in McLeansboro. In that seat of Hamilton County, the new modern courthouse stands in the middle of a grass-covered square. On the west side of the street that forms the western boundary of the square are two structures that the visitor will notice immediately. They tell a story. One knows instantly that they belonged originally to one man, that he was a solid citizen of the community, that he had pride and faith in his town. They breathe a breath of the post-Civil War days. Of a florid type of architecture, they nevertheless show a desire for the better things of life, the urge toward beautification, the solidity of the owner. The smaller of the two buildings is today, and always has been, a bank building. The larger structure now houses the Mary E. Cloud McCoy Library.

Originally, the larger one which is on the corner, was the home of the Cloud family. The palatial residence was erected in 1884 by Aaron G. Cloud. At the time of its erection it was perhaps the most ornate and beautiful residence in Egypt. About the same time, Aaron G. Cloud, who was a banker, erected his bank building on the lot immediately to the north of his residence. It, too, was a show place for Southern Illinois. When Aaron Cloud built, he built well and to endure. He gave the residence to his daughter, Mrs. Mary E. Cloud McCoy, and the bank building to his son, Chalon G. Cloud, they being his only children.

Mary E. Cloud was married in 1878 to Chalon Guard McCoy who died in 1915. At the time of Mrs. McCoy's death, August 21, 1921, she had no relatives nearer than cousins. For many years she had contemplated that her residence be used, after her death, as a city library. It was her home where she had lived; where her father and mother, her husband and brother had lived. It was the most precious thing she possessed, and she wanted it to serve a good and useful purpose after her death. With the gift of the building she left an endowment fund of $5,000.

With the thought of this gift in mind, Mrs. Cloud spent much time, thought, and care in the preparation of her holographic will, whereby she gave the building to the city, and specified in much detail how it should be used. She provided that the city should, by appropriate action, definitely and formally accept the gift on the terms expressed in her will; should maintain the building as a public library; should provide for its support by extending such library tax as might be necessary annually; should keep the building properly insured and in case of its destruction by disaster, should rebuild the same; and provided that the trust fund of $5,000 should be invested properly, the principal be

kept intact, and the interest only to be used for the library.

By Ordinance Number 57, passed and approved November 8, 1921, the City Council of McLeansboro provided that the mayor should appoint a board of directors for the library, consisting of nine persons. After the first board, which was composed of members designated for one-, two-, and three-year terms, succeeding board members were to be appointed for three-year terms, three members to be named annually by the mayor. The first board members were: John M. Eckley, Mrs. Linda Davis, Charles R. McNabb, Mrs. Mary H. Pake, Mrs. Nola McGhee, C. C. Hassett, Walton Elliot, John H. Stelle, and George Parkhurst. The first board meeting was held November 30, 1921, at which time an organization was effected and officers elected. John M. Eckley was elected president and Charles R. McNabb, secretary-treasurer. John H. Stelle, Walton Elliot, and Charles R. McNabb were named as a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws.

The photograph of the building shows, in a small degree, the beauty and charm of the exterior but the interior must be seen to be appreciated. The building was finished and furnished luxuriously and lavishly and in the most excellent taste. The massive solid woodwork of the entire house is like satin to the touch.

From a large porch facing east, the entrance is to a spacious hall extending from the front to the rear of the house. Opening from the hall on the north is a large room, which was the drawing room. It is 18 feet by 36 feet in size with the ceiling 14 feet high, this being the height of all ceilings on the first floor. This room now houses the books of the library. The woodwork is solid walnut, hand carved, as is also the woodwork of the other rooms on the first floor, with the exception of that in the parlor which is of birdseye maple. In the west end of the room a magnificent fireplace has a large mantel and mirror and a hearth of mosaic tile.

Opening from the hall on the south is a room which had been the parlor, and which now is used by the library for magazines and newspapers, and as a reading room.

On the south side and immediately back of the periodical room is a room which the McCoys used as a library and which now is equipped as a children's room with low tables and small chairs.

The librarian's desk is on the north side and about the middle of the hall. On the north wall just back of the desk hangs a large and wonderful marble intaglio.

Opening from the hall on the south is a very large room which was the dining room. Through the courtesy of the library board, this room is used by the Women's Club and the Junior Women's Club as a meeting place. One of the ornaments, formerly in the parlor but now in this room, is a beautiful French Vernis Martin cabinet filled with a marvelous collection of bibelots.

The fireplace in this room occupies almost the entire south wall, with its mantel surpassing in magnificence even the one in the original drawing room. All the rooms are similarly provided with appropriate fireplaces and mantels.

Back of the drawing room is the massive stairway of carved walnut leading from the lower to the upper hall. The curving stairway has a very gradual rise and has no upright supports. Under the stairway and along its side is the law library section.

Judge Samuel Marshall Wright, of McLeansboro, donated, January, 1922, the law library that had belonged to attorney William Hammill, his former law partner. Judge Wright gave other valuable books and the sum of one thousand dollars to the McCoy Memorial Library for the purpose of establishing a department in the library to be known as the "Marshall-Hammill-Webb Law Department Section." The library board, upon receipt of this gift, added to the law library, the *United States Supreme Court Reports and Digest,* the *Federal Statutes, Law Reports Annotated and Law Digest.*

Adorning each mantel in the main library room and in the periodical room, is a white marble statue of a woman in flowing robes, undoubtedly Italian importations. The features and coiffures of the two figures are cut exquisitely. On the mantel in the children's room are four unusual imported teapots. In the center a very large bell jar encloses Mrs. McCoy's favorite doll. One wishes he knew the story behind all these keepsakes and from whence they were acquired; particularly who made the small wooden chair on which the doll sits and who fashioned the elaborate satin evening gown she wears. The doll is the china head, hands, and feet type of doll of from eighty to one hundred years ago. Its size denotes its expensiveness.

Three bronze birds, each different, supported by very realistic metal twigs, each on a heavy iron base, are among other *objets d'art* which stand on bookcases about the rooms.

Mrs. McCoy, herself, was an artist of outstanding ability. She studied painting at College Hill, Cincinnati, at the Boston Art Institute, and in Europe. Many of her paintings adorned the home. On the north wall of the drawing room, in a large gold frame, is a life-size painting of the family shepherd dog, Leo. It was the custom of Leo to go with the family to market and to carry home the market basket. This painting is one of Mrs. McCoy's best. Three of Mrs. McCoy's paintings hang in the board room.

Mantel tiles in the children's room represent epochs of English history, each a different picture with its title. A marble head of Apollo sits atop the mantel piece.

One bronze bust and four marble ones look down from the very tops of the book sections around the walls of the main library room. These are all beautiful women's heads. On the south wall is a copy by Mrs. McCoy of Rosa Bonheur's "Wild Horses in a Storm."

In the reading room a small plaster model, titled "We Boys" by Rogers, is very amusing. Two boys are riding an old horse and pulling on his bridle. With ears laid back he looks around as though he would like to nip a bare toe.

Another by the same sculptor in the board room depicts two farmers at a game of checkers watched by the farmer's wife. On the back of each cast is the legend "Patented May 14, 1872."

In the front yard stands one of those now rare garden pieces, an animal, cast in iron. This one is a huge dog, modeled from a favorite pet of Aaron Cloud.

At the time the building was used as a residence, the

second floor had six bedrooms all of which opened from the wide hall on that floor. These bedrooms each were provided with a fireplace in keeping with the several rooms. It is worthwhile to observe that on the third floor, there is an immense cedar room or rather double room (for it has a partition and two entrances) which was used for the storage of furs and clothing.

At present, the second floor is not needed for library use so it is rented as offices, as was suggested by Mrs. McCoy in her will. On the south side of the building is an entrance to a broad stairway leading directly to the second floor. This is used by the occupants of the offices and their clients, thus avoiding any disturbances of the library.

Aaron Cloud built three residences in McLeansboro, the other two, one frame and one brick, were for his children. All the same style of architecture, they were of solid massive construction typical of the man. These houses had the first gas lights, supplied by gasoline tanks, and the first running water, furnished by a method of pumps and pressure tanks.

Prior to the time when the McCoy Memorial Library came into being, there had been an organization in McLeansboro known as the Ladies' Library Association. This association had acquired some books and shelves. On February 7, 1922, the association decided that it should dissolve, and that its books would serve a better purpose if merged with the new library, and that was done.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 18, 1925, a most terrible and destructive tornado swept through Southern Illinois and adjoining states, leaving in its wake a path of death and destruction. The storm swept across Hamilton County south of McLeansboro, from the southwest to the northeast in a strip a mile wide, devastating everything in its path.

Hamilton County at that time had no hospital and it was realized that in this emergency, the injured could be cared for in a proper way in no other manner than by the conversion of the library building into an emergency hospital. On the morning of March 19, the day after the tornado, the house committee met in joint session with the city council. It was decided that the library building should be turned over to the Red Cross for hospital use for as long as it might be needed for such purposes, that the library as such should be closed for that time, and that the entire building be used for hospital purposes. The same day necessary equipment and help were assembled and a complete organization perfected. The McCoy home had a completely equipped kitchen and there was a laundry in the basement. The injured were brought to the library building which was designated Red Cross Emergency Hospital. The building continued to be used by the Red Cross until July 30, 1925. This use of the building undoubtedly would have met with the unqualified approval of Mrs. McCoy. When the building was needed no longer by the Red Cross, the library resumed its normal functions.

Many books (fiction, non-fiction, and reference) magazines, and daily newspapers have been added. Today it is open for use by the public, served by a courteous and competent librarian, and is greatly appreciated by the community. This library, with its many reference books, affords a source of information to the citizens of the community that could not be available in a private library. The educational value, not only to the younger generation, but to club women and others, cannot be overestimated. The library is constantly adding new books and keeping up with the latest fiction. Mrs. Madeline Anderson Mattingly as librarian and W. E. Severs as president of the board for many years, deserve much credit for the success of the library. It is, in every

Left—Iron statue of dog in front of Mary E. Cloud McCoy Library. (Egyptian Key Photo.) Right—Mary E. Cloud McCoy Library, McLeansboro.

sense, a modern library of which the community justly is proud.

Mrs. McCoy's will also provided that in case the city of McLeansboro did not accept the devise and bequest in accordance with its terms, the building and the endowment, should be given to the churches of McLeansboro to be used as a "library and church home," in the fullest sense of the word, for the receptions and social functions such as churches hold to promote Christian sociability and advancement, to be known as the "Mary E. Cloud Memorial Home, dedicated to the memory of Aaron G. and Eleanor H. Cloud." It also provided that in such case, the gift should be commemorated by a suitable copper plate on the exterior of the building.

The will further provided, that in the event both the city and the churches refused the offered gift, that the property should be sold and the proceeds of the sale should be divided among the heirs at law of herself and of her deceased husband, Chalon G. McCoy. Fortunately for the city of McLeansboro, the first offer was accepted.

This extended reference to the provisions of Mrs. McCoy's will is made not only for the information it gives, but for the further purpose of showing that the gift of her residence to the city for the use of the people of her community, was not a matter done in haste, not a sudden thought, not a transient or a spasmodic idea, but the culmination of much thought and study over an extended period of time, and the result of long and careful deliberation. Mary E. Cloud McCoy knew just exactly what she wanted to do, and in her businesslike, methodical, careful and detailed manner, wrote in her own handwriting, all the details and plans that she had determined upon so carefully and judically and which she had decided to embody in her will.

Mary E. Cloud McCoy ever was mindful of those commandments given by God to Moses upon Mount Sinai, and particularly to that admonition: "Honor thy father and thy mother." In recognition of it, she provided that if the city accepted the building and the trust fund, her estate should have made a copper plate with the inscription:

The Mary E. Cloud McCoy Library
dedicated to
the memory of
Aaron G. and Eleanor H. Cloud

and with the date of the acceptance of the building as a library by the city; and that the plate be placed securely on the wall or imbedded in it between the two windows in the circle front of the building.

The copper plate was made and placed as directed by Mrs. McCoy, and now remains in its designated place as a reminder to all who pass that way that McLeansboro is greatly indebted to this good. generous, Christian woman for such a gift.

A Morning Ride

Riders at Thatcher's Gap in Southeast Egypt.

Photo by Merrill E. Stricklin, Eldorado.

Idols of Egypt

XI. — Daniel Pope Cook

By BARBARA BURR HUBBS

Editor, member of Congress, circuit judge, organizer, attorney general—Cook was an important citizen of the early days of Illinois.

"THE County of *Cook*." "*Cook* County, Illinois." Hundreds of times we hear or read these phrases, yet who stops to think why that particular four-letter word has been applied to the populous area along the shore of Lake Michigan? Who was the Cook whose name is thus commemorated?

In the early days of our state, Egypt was Illinois. Northern Illinois was a fringe of scattered settlements frequently depopulated by Indian raids.

One of the best loved figures of that early Illinois was Daniel Pope Cook. Probably he never saw Fort Dearborn, or the Chicago River, or the little village in the mud nearby. In his day there was little to be seen, anyway. Cook County was not created until four years and three months after his death. It was another six years before Chicago was incorporated. Daniel Pope Cook had served the people of Illinois and his memory was dear to his contemporaries. The legislature meeting at Vandalia erected a monument that makes his name immortal. Those who live in the county that bears his name may share his contemporaries' pride in him, for he was a man of high principle and a worthy public servant. Let him speak for himself:

"I repeat, all my feelings are in favor of the admission of Missouri—both political and personal reasons combine to render it a desirable event—were it consistent with my sense of the duty which I owe to the country and the Constitution, I am sure no member on this floor would do it with more pleasure. But, while I consider the Constitution the rock upon which our temple of liberty must stand, and have sworn to support it, I feel myself called upon to forego all such considerations, and defend the Constitution against infringement. Should we suffer our individual feelings and wishes to enter into our deliberations and discussions, so far as to govern our public conduct, those feelings and wishes, like the imperceptible rising of the tide, will finally run over every principle of the Constitution, and we shall ultimately find ourselves floating at large upon the open sea of uncertainty, without a single landmark to guide us."

That speech was made in the halls of Congress, when Cook was the single member from Illinois in the House of Representatives. It expresses the principle that guided his conduct as a public man.

Governor John Reynolds records that Cook "rose high, shined bright and died soon. He was the darling and idol of the people. The name Daniel P. Cook is yet sweet music in the ears of many an old pioneer of Illinois. They involuntarily cry out, 'When is the election?' "

Illinois was Cook's adopted state. He was born in Scott County, Kentucky, about 1794, and was given the meager education of the common schools in those days, and was apprenticed to a merchant. His aspiration was for something higher than the dull trading of tea or gunpowder for a hunter's pelts or a farmer's produce. He came to Illinois.

The secretary of Illinois Territory was Nathaniel Pope, a relative of young Cook's mother. Under Pope's guidance the newcomer established himself as a lawyer in Kaskaskia, the territorial capital. This was toward the end of 1815.

At that time Illinois had but one newspaper, owned and edited by Matthew Duncan, brother of the Joseph Duncan who was to become governor of Illinois in 1834. Matthew Duncan had published the Illinois laws of 1813 at his press in Russellville, Kentucky. The next year he brought that press to Kaskaskia, and established the first newspaper in Illinois, the *Illinois Herald*.

Daniel Pope Cook became editor of this paper. In 1817, Matthew Duncan wished to enter the army, and he sold out to Cook and Blackwell. They renamed the paper the *Illinois Intelligencer*, and when the state capital was moved to Vandalia in 1820, the paper also was moved. About the time that Daniel P. Cook began to present himself as a candidate to the people, his name disappeared from the masthead—but the paper supported his policies and candidacies.

Ninian Edwards, territorial governor of Illinois, appointed Cook auditor of public accounts in 1816.

Nathaniel Pope was the territorial representative for Illinois in the United States Congress. His young relative visited him in Washington, and met President-elect Monroe. As a result Cook was sent to London with dispatches. John Quincy Adams then represented the United States at the British court, and the letters included an invitation for Adams to be secretary of state in the new cabinet. Adams and Cook sailed home together, and the slow voyage gave them an opportunity to become friends.

Cook returned to Illinois with the appointment as circuit judge of the western circuit, composed of the counties surrounding his home at Kaskaskia. There is a record of the first term of court in Union County, over which Judge Cook presided. The honorable court sat in the log house of Jacob Hunsaker on May 11, 1818. Only the judge and a lawyer or two wore "store clothes."

Courtesy Illinois Bell Telephone Company.

The citizens were dressed in hunting shirts and coon skin caps. Many were barefoot, the others wore deerskin moccasins. Shot pouch and hunting knife hung at their belts, but there was no lack of solemnity and order.

Judge Cook addressed the members of the grand jury: "Gentlemen of the grand jury, you are charged with the affairs of the County of Union in the Territory of Illinois and the weal or woe of litigants and criminals. Mr. Sheriff, you will now be pleased to conduct the grand jury to their room for deliberation."

In dignified silence the jurors filed from the courtroom and out into the woods, where the sheriff indicated a fallen log beneath the forest trees. That was the grand jury room. There they conducted their deliberations. Among the civil cases at this term of court was a "hot" trial over the meat of a wild hog, which one hunter had shot and another had captured.

Cook had brought home from Washington an idea that meant more than his appointment as circuit judge. Why should not Illinois be released from the subservience of having her officers appointed at Washington, and assume her proper sovereignty as a state in the Federal Union? His newspaper, the *Illinois Intelligencer*, began to advocate statehood.

When the territorial legislature met in December, 1817, Cook was elected clerk of the lower house. There were only twelve members, and they all roomed together in an old French mansion at Kaskaskia. These men drafted a memorial to the United States Congress requesting statehood for Illinois. Cook suggested that it would be wise to organize more counties in the territory and make a better showing. Consequently, Franklin, Union, and Washington counties were created on January 2, 1818.

Nathaniel Pope presented the memorial as Illinois' territorial delegate, and the enabling act he wrote was approved by Congress in April, 1818. A constitutional convention met at Kaskaskia in August, and an election for state officers was held in September. On October 5, the first governor of the *State* of Illinois, Shadrach Bond, was inaugurated. During this busy year of elections, Daniel Pope Cook took an active part in the campaigns. He is said to have had a rare gift of eloquence. He canvassed the settled portion of the state, and introduced the practice of stump speaking. Cook's service was rewarded by his appointment as the first attorney general of Illinois, entering upon his duties March 5, 1819. He registered himself as a Democrat and a citizen of Randolph County.

Just a few months later the *Illinois Intelligencer* announced Cook's candidacy for Congress and printed this campaign song:

COOK AND LIBERTY

"To choose a good Congressman, now is the time,
Good counsel I'll give, 'tho' I give it in rhyme,

Courtesy Illinois Bell Telephone Company.

I swear by my conscience (and would on the Book)
I think our best choice will be Daniel P. Cook.

"His manners are modest, his morals are pure,
His talents are good, and his principles sure,
He'll vote to please us, not a party or whim,
Then stay Mr. Mac—, we'll make trial of him.

"M'Lean and our Senators all went astray,
Nor chose their constituents' will to obey;
May the latter repent, and their error confess:
Nor dare to say NO, when the people say YES.

"Then come my good friends, for I'm sure we'll agree,
To put down a man who supports slavery,
And one to elect, on whom all can depend,
Who to freedom, to right, t'our state is a friend."

On the first Monday in August, 1819, Judge Cook became Congressman Cook. His life work began. His other public service had been merely preparation. He was twenty-five; he had eight years of life before him. These were devoted to the people of Illinois whom he represented as their single member in the lower house of Congress.

This was the period when the people demanded internal improvements, although some reactionaries felt that "infernal improvements" would be the better term. Roads and canals were being built. Congressman Cook insisted that the National Road, which was being constructed from Cumberland, Maryland, through Ohio and Indiana, be continued to Alton, Illinois. There it would meet the other great highway of those days, the Mississippi River. The road was surveyed through Illinois, and the streams were bridged. Before grading and paving were completed, railroads were being built. Construction of the road was turned over to the localities through which it passed.

Congressman Cook was successful in securing the donation of United States lands to aid the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. He established the principle that the public domain be used for public purposes. Previously, public lands had been sold only to benefit the United States Treasury. Cook took, and popularized, the view that the public domain should be devoted to the general interests of the people.

In the summer of 1821, Daniel P. Cook married Julia Catherine, the eldest daughter of Ninian Edwards, then United States Senator from Illinois. They made their home in Edwardsville, Madison County, to which town the Edwards family had moved from Kaskaskia a short time before.

The question of slavery had not been settled by the Illinois Constitution of 1818. Agitation to legalize slavery caused the legislature of 1823 to submit to the people the proposition of calling a convention to revise the constitution. Anti-slavery men were successful at the election on August 2, 1824.

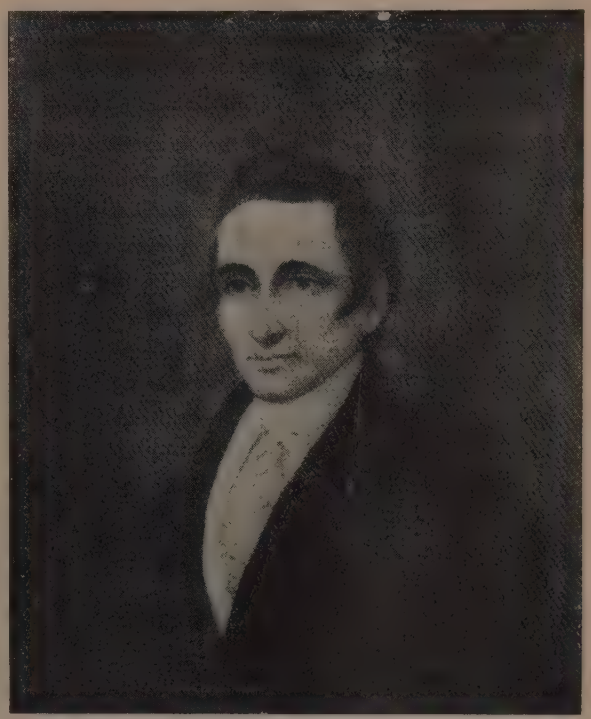
Cook, now a candidate for a fourth term, canvassed the state in behalf of the anti-slavery forces. Both he and Senator Edwards were natives of slave states, but both were leaders in this fight to keep Illinois a free state.

These were the days of which one of Cook's political rivals records: "His name is sweet music in the ears of citizens of Illinois. You have only to mention it, and the old men say, 'When is the election?' " There was a charm about Daniel Cook's conversation and manner that made him an agreeable companion everywhere. Once when he was riding alone through the country on an election canvass, he halted at a farmhouse and asked for a night's shelter. The following conversation took place:

"Ye be welcome, stranger. Light and look at your saddle. The old woman's jest settin' out some vittles."

"What is the news of the neighborhood, sir? Is there much talk of the election?"

"Folks're too busy with their crops to gab much. Candeedates don't get down this way. We-all be feared



Daniel Pope Cook

that that damned little Yankee, Cook, is goin' to be elected to Congress agin."

With no comment, Cook began a discussion of national affairs couched in terms of the frontier. The farmer and his wife sat up long beyond their usual bedtime, listening to a true American say things about their country they had felt but never put into words. The next morning, when Cook was ready to ride on, the farmer said:

"Stranger, how do you-all call yourself? So be you'll tell, I'd be proud to know."

"Why, sir, I'm that damned Yankee, Cook."

The farmer stood open-mouthed with astonishment as he watched his guest ride off. Thereafter he was counted among the firm supporters of Cook and all his works.

Daniel Pope Cook was serving his fourth term in Congress when the choice of a president devolved upon the House of Representatives. The famous "scrub race" between John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, William

Crawford, and Andrew Jackson had resulted in no election by the people. Congressman Cook cast the vote of Illinois for Adams. The growing Jackson party in Illinois charged that Cook had betrayed his trust. A Jackson man immediately began to canvass the state as a candidate for Congress in the 1826 election.

The sessions were important. Daniel Pope Cook was burdened by ill-health. He made no campaign. He was defeated, but continued his work for Illinois. As a lame-duck he secured the land grant for the Illinois and Michigan Canal. After the close of the Congressional session, Cook accepted a diplomatic mission to Cuba, where he hoped the mild climate would assist in improving his health. He continued to fail, and returned to Illinois by way of New Orleans.

In the fall he gratified a wish to return to the place of his birth. There in Kentucky he died on October 16, 1827.

Mrs. Cook lived in Edwardsville until her family moved to Belleville, where she died in 1830. Their one son made his home in Springfield, which city he served as mayor in 1855. John Cook served with honor in the Civil War and was promoted to the rank of brigadier general for gallantry at Fort Donelson in 1862. Later he served as Sangamon County's representative in the General Assembly. General John Cook died near Ransom, Michigan, in 1910.

Mr. Justice McLean of the United States Supreme Court, speaking of Daniel Pope Cook, said: "Mr. Cook stands well with all parties, and is not excelled, in weight of character, talents, and influence, by any member from the west."

Citizens of Cook County well may use his name with pride. They honor the memory of a pioneer lawyer and law-giver of their own state, a man who was foremost in the establishment of the state, who served his state as its first attorney general and as its second congressman in the days when Illinois had only one representative. Daniel Pope Cook was the idol of Egypt when Egypt was Illinois.

S.I.N.U. Champions

I. I. A. C. TRACK CHAMPIONS

Coach Leland P. Lingle and his championship track team which won first place in the I. I. A. C. meet in 1946.

FOUR CHAMPIONSHIPS

Southern athletic teams won four championships during the last school year: state championships in track, tennis, and cross country running, and the national championship in basketball at the Kansas City tournament.

The forthcoming season of 1946-1947 should be a promising one for Southern, especially so, due to the large number of veterans enrolling at Southern Illinois Normal University.

Her Fires Burn Brighter

By HELEN CHURCH

A one-woman cyclone, a "jack-of-all-trades"—a person who could and did.

". . . give me strength; let me not be a drain upon humanity."

It was a pleasantly cool evening in November, 1939, when Harmon Phillips, editor of the Tulsa, Oklahoma, *Tribune*, put in a telephone call to his mother, Mrs. Charles R. Phillips, of Lebanon, Illinois. That is, it was pleasant out-of-doors, but in Harmon's home the smoke had driven him and his family out of their living room. "Mother," he said over the wire, "our fireplace is finished and looks fine, but the smoke won't go up the chimney. What is wrong with it?"

Mrs. Phillips had several suggestions. "Your wood fireplace must be deeper than the original one built for gas," she said. "Did the mason make it deeper? Did he curve the back of the chimney? Is the chimney higher than the highest point of your roof?"

The answer to some of these questions was "No," and when the defects were corrected, the Phillips' fire burned brightly. Not unprofitable were the lessons his mother had learned from her father when as a child she had followed him about in his trade as a brick and stone mason. Now, at seventy-three, Mrs. Phillips maintains that she still can lay brick with the best of workmen, and is ready to prove it.

Bricklaying is not her only accomplishment. This is the story of Mrs. Phillips' cozy little brick home and how she made it that way.

On June 16, 1940, when her youngest daughter had been married and had gone away with her husband, Mrs. Phillips felt for the moment as if the world for her had ended. (She had been a widow for many years.) The next day someone pointed out to her the nondescript little gray cottage across the road from the campus of McKendree College, where before her retirement she had served as house mother for fifteen years, and said, "Why don't you buy it and live there?" The thought was a happy one. Already having declined her children's urgent invitations to live with them, she called the owner of the little house, got his price, made a quick trip to her home in Mount Vernon, Illinois, to borrow $1500 on the house that she owned there, came back and interviewed the local plumber to find the cost of modernizing the place, bought it, and at the earliest possible moment moved in.

The first night she was awakened from a sound slumber by a noise at her window, and sleepily looking in that direction, she saw a shadow which looked like nothing more than a little old man in an old-fashioned peaked night cap, busily bobbing his head and waving his arms. She laughs at the hallucination, caused by the waving shrubbery between her window and the cross-lane light at the corner, and says, that she must have been thinking about Professor Oliver Vanlandingham Jones, who built the little house back in the 1850's, and perhaps slept in the security of his cap.

The house on the outside and from the front looks very much now as it did nearly one hundred years ago. Mrs. Phillips found the original shutters in an adjoining barn, carried them out, used two that were in very bad shape to repair the rest, painted them, and then had to call on her neighbor, Mrs. Beason, to help her hang them at the windows! (Occasionally, but only occasionally, Mrs. Phillips finds that a woman's strength is not enough for a man's job.)

She needed no help, in tuck pointing one outside wall where a crack had been repaired, in replacing the eighteen small window panes which were broken or cracked, and in removing the fast-sticking aluminum paint from the window frames. All this she had to do while standing on a stepladder, because after placing saw horses out in the yard to work on, she found that the windows were so well fitted in the frames that they could not be taken out. While she worked at the windows, a painter whom she had hired painted the gables of the side walls. Then Mrs. Phillips finished the rest of the outside painting herself, putting on two coats of white paint. The white walls and green shutters immediately restored to the house the character that had been hidden under its gray paint.

Every nail that Mrs. Phillips found about the house

Kitchen of the Phillips' home.

was of the old square type. There was, incidentally, a minimum of nails used in building it, since there is no lathing, the plaster being put directly on the brick.

A little historical interest is lent to the place by the fact that at the rear of the lot stood at one time a two-story frame structure, one room to each story, in which Silas Bryan, father of William Jennings Bryan, "kept house" while a student at McKendree around 1850. This building developed Tower of Pisa tendencies, and finally fell some thirty years ago. Some of the rock from its foundation now borders a small circlet of dahlias on the premises.

Mrs. Phillips lived in the brick house, exactly as it was, for five days, during which time she carefully planned every small change that she wanted to make. At the end of the five days she called in a carpenter, told him what she wanted done, and the carpentering was finished in four more days—finished, that is, as far as the men were concerned. She reserved every possible piece of work that she could do herself, this, she said, as a matter of economy. Her friends suspect that if money grew on trees, Mrs. Phillips still would have climbed her stepladders and rebuilt her house.

During her five days of planning, she decided to close one side of the double fireplace, and partition off that part of the huge bedroom from the bathroom. The fireplace had a double flue, so it was very convenient, after removing the mantel and closing the hole, to use the second flue for the furnace which she planned to have installed. Next to the double fireplace was a closet in the living room and a large cupboard on the bedroom side, with a wall between. One night after retiring, she suddenly wondered if the bedroom cupboard could be moved into the kitchen, got up and measured both spaces, found that they were almost identical, and now the closed fireplace and ex-cupboard space form one side of the bathroom wall, and the cupboard, with its huge key, is in a convenient corner of the kitchen.

In the middle of the kitchen floor there was a trap door leading to the basement. "This is too much in the way," said Mrs. Phillips, so she closed the door for the last time, and used a strip off the bedroom next to the kitchen for a stairway. In the other bedroom she used part of one wall (formerly lined with Professor Jones' bookshelves) for a closet, leaving a small recessed space for a tiny low dresser with a long mirror (an excellent thing for a woman).

The mantel in the living room, so very attractive, especially when dressed for Christmas, came out of another barn in the neighborhood. The original mantel, too high to suit Mrs. Phillips' taste, she discarded when she found this one, painted black with white streaks, to simulate marble. She scraped it, sanded it, steel-brushed it, washed it with soapsuds and lye, had it installed, painted it white, and now it is a fitting companion for Gainsborough's Duchess who hangs above it. (The picture was the unusual gift of a class of boys whom Mrs. Phillips once taught in Sunday School.) The two chairs facing each other in front of the fireplace are two old oak chairs, one of them formerly a rocker, which she padded and covered, and which look as if they were made for the spot, as they were.

Mrs. Phillips' kitchen color scheme is red and white. She found it necessary to have the cupboards built by a carpenter, but she reserved for herself the job of hinging the doors, putting on the latches, painting, etc. Her kitchen table is an old study table which formerly had knobs extending over the top from the legs at each corner. She sawed off the knobs, painted the legs red and the table top white, and painted the four odd chairs which were in the tiny cottage adjoining the original house when she bought the place. The fact that none matches any other gives the set an odd charm.

One day Mrs. Phillips was helping a neighbor carry out some fruit jars from the basement of an old house that was to be razed. She had wanted a lantern over her front door, but feeling that she could not afford what it would have cost, she had foregone that luxury. Among the fruit jars she found one in the shape of a lantern, with the screw top modeled after a lantern top. She took it home, painted, wired, and otherwise

Phillips' home,
Lebanon,
Illinois.

Left—Mrs. Phillips before fireplace. Right—Interior of Phillips' home.

worked with it for half a day, and hung her electric lantern that evening.

Three years ago she decided to have a brick doorstep at her front door. On a hot summer day she quickly laid a small 4x4 foot porch of red brick. It looks like a professional job—and on second thought, why not?

Last year Mrs. Phillips solved a problem which had been puzzling her for some time—and which, she discovered, had also puzzled some other house owners. The outside walls of her rooms were damp to the height of about three feet from the floor. She had tried several remedies suggested to her by men of experience, including oilcloth. The latter kept the moisture out, but would not stick to the wall.

Last year Mrs. Phillips put up wall board. She had it delivered to her living room in 12x8 foot pieces. Placing it on saw horses, she climbed up on it, sawed it to the size she wanted, nailed it to the walls, beveled the top edge with a plane and a sharp pocket knife, stuck gummed paper over the beveled edge to the plaster, and then papered the walls. All the wall papering, and ceiling and woodwork painting in the house she has done herself. (By this time one finds one's self no longer surprised at any of Mrs. Phillips' ideas and her methods of executing them.)

The little adjoining cottage, now known as the "shack," beloved quarters of a McKendree professor, Mrs. Phillips remodeled from one room into a small apartment. It was built by William Jones, son of Oliver, as a library when he was editor of the *Lebanon Journal*, forerunner of the present local newspaper. Mrs. Phillips had an eight-foot extension built on, leaving only about a four-foot passageway between the two houses. She concreted this passage herself (it is about twelve feet deep), and had a lattice door put up at the front, making a private entrance between the two buildings.

Under the eight-foot extension was an old cistern. Following her custom of using everything usable within reach, Mrs. Phillips had half the cistern wall torn out, and the other half now forms one end of the tiny basement under the "shack," large enough for a hot water heater, storage space, and shelves. The under-the-sink cabinet in the miniature kitchenette is a little old cupboard, which Mrs. Phillips sawed in half, putting one half under each drainboard, with an extra door in the middle under the sink itself. She also put on all the baseboard in the remodeled apartment, and admits that all shelves in both houses are her own handiwork.

The well in front of the two houses is probably as old as the original building, and is still as useful as it is picturesque. Dr. West, the "shack-dweller," uses it as her refrigerator, preferring it to the small one indoors.

Here and there on the walls of Mrs. Phillips' home are paintings done in her more leisurely moments. She is no amateur artist, having supported herself and her younger daughter for some time after her husband's death by her paintings.

During the last illness and after the death of her husband, who was a Methodist minister, Mrs. Phillips filled the pulpit for him, and in every other detail finished for him the conference year. Though unwilling to yield to her friends' insistence that she become a licensed preacher, she finally did consent to run for city clerk of Herrin, Illinois, and served a two-year term. Politics was not to her liking, so at the end of that time she accepted "Prexy" Harmon's offer and came to McKendree as house mother.

Busy as Mrs. Phillips keeps her life, she always can be counted on to give her help and her time when they are needed. The smoking furnace in the house around the corner burns brighter when the discouraged renters call her in. She delivers an inspirational Sunday School lesson to a group of women every Sunday morning. When the college needs a supervisor during vacations, Mrs. Phillips somehow finds the time to serve.

Is it an anti-climax to quote her statement that she has never been bored for a day in her life, and never expects to be? Not long ago she was quite angry when someone cut a limb off one of her trees—the limb which she had picked on which to hang a swing for her grandson, Blair (named after the Williamsburg Blairs, from whom Mrs. Phillips is descended, one of her ancestors having been a founder of William and Mary College). She had to take time out of her busy life to build a swing frame for him. It is in her yard and Blair is a delighted little boy when he comes to visit.

Land of the Peach

By WILL GRIFFITH

IN THAT long ago, centuries before there was a United States, the hills of China had many trees that bore a fragrant yellow fruit, decorated with flecks of pink. Early men enjoyed the juice of the "yu," known to us as the peach.

One thousand years before the peach was known elsewhere on the earth, the Chinese were eating it. It was a congratulatory gift; it was the symbol of long life to them; it was believed to prevent death. It was said: "Whosoever eats of the peaches of Mount Kouoliou shall obtain eternal life."

As the years rolled by the peach was taken from China to Persia, and from there it found its way to Greece and Italy. Centuries later, when the Spanish explorers carved their way across the southern end of this country, they brought peach seeds with them, and planted them in the soil of Florida.

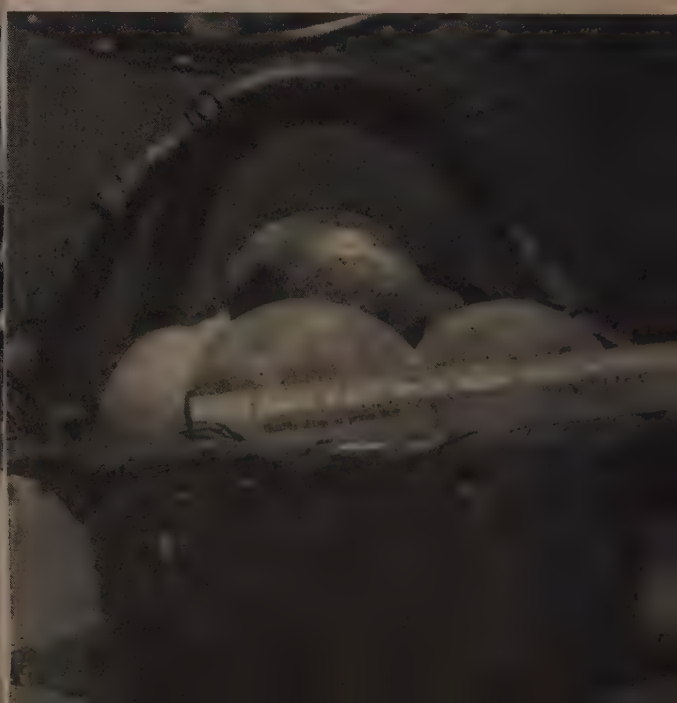
Peaches are known to have been grown in America as early as 1600. Peaches were sent to the Plymouth Colony, and from there spread southward along the eastern seacoast as far as Virginia.

The most ideal growing conditions for peaches are found in our own Egypt. Hill country is best for growing peaches. On the hills they escape the cool air and the frosts of the bottoms, and have the wind channels to provide the necessary aeration. The mineral soil of Egyptian hills seems especially good for growing peaches—peaches of character. Peaches from the hills of Egypt are not insipid nor mealy, but have character, flavor, size, and beauty.

One who has not seen the hills of Egypt in peach blossom time truly has missed one of the most beautiful sights of nature. The neat rows of trees blanketed with pink blossoms make a picture such as can be painted only by the Divine Artist.

August is the harvest month for Egypt's peaches. The hills of Southern Illinois grow many varieties of the fruit, the most popular being the Elberta, Georgia Belle, Golden Jubilee, Hale, Hale Haven, and Hinners Hale. Between a million and a million and a half bushels of these peaches are plucked from the trees in Egypt each year to be shipped to many markets in the United States. The paved roads of the area are crowded with trucks hauling the fruit of the hills to Chicago, Benton Harbor, St. Louis, and the other large distribution centers. Railroad engines pull hundreds of cars filled with this fruit of Egypt, which is shipped to every state east of the Rockies and to Canada.

At this harvest season of the year the EGYPTIAN KEY salutes the Egyptian peach—the finest grown.



Left—A cluster of Egyptian peaches. (Photo by Horrell Studio, Anna.) Right—They grow them big in Egypt! (Egyptian Key Photo.)

Limelight

By ERNEST BICKNELL

The story of a hole in the ground, yet such a significant one that for generations it has played an outstanding role in the life of a city.

". . . And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."
—As You Like It,
Act II, Scene 1.

Out of the fertile soil of Union County have come through the years some of the finest peaches to be produced in America. Their praises have been sung, though softly, through the same years, and will be many times again. Perhaps, even, Egyptian peaches may, by their natural superiority and the loudly intoned worship of true believers, attain their deserved place as the most beautiful, the most flavorsome, the most nearly perfect of all such fruit.

Downstairs neighbor, ally, and friend of the Egyptian peach is another product of Union County soil, calcium-

Airplane view of Anna Quarry.

Photo by Horrell Studio, Anna.

rich agricultural limestone. When one thinks of the area, one thinks first of her richness in royal fruit, and then of her mineral wealth below the surface. The largest and best known of the man-made gashes in our Southern Illinois earth where man has destroyed in order

Photo by Horrell Studio, Anna.

Looking down incline railway into quarry.

to build, is the mammoth hole close by the pretty city of Anna.

No living man remembers when the first small gash was made in order to provide the community with burned lime. There are many who remember the mule team era, the dairy farm, the lime kiln days, the periodic ups and downs, and the many changes of operators since the turn of the century. But the ever-growing gash, the Anna Quarry, seems to have been always a part of the town and its people.

More important today than ever before, the quarry is a permanent part of every local citizen, not merely as a hole in the ground, not only in its economic value to the community, but as a silent and rich contributor to the culture of the area. Symbols of the intangible feeling are three of the most beloved of Anna's public buildings, all of them "sermons in stones," rough-cut from the heart of God's earth. The Stinson Public Library, a whole amazing story in itself; the quaint, delicate, and tiny St. Ann's Episcopal Church, and the more conventionally architectured Presbyterian Church should be familiar structures to all who love Egypt.

Whether it was by accident or intent never will be known, but the road leading to the quarry was named with a poetic aptness that places it with some of the famous and beautifully named streets of the world. Bubbling Well Road in Shanghai. Angels' Flight in Los Angeles. Peachtree Street in Atlanta. Lime Kiln Road in Anna.

A part of the close and intangible tie between the people and the quarry is their pronunciation of that very word. Honestly acquired from their pioneer forebears is the pronunciation, quite unlike that of the unbending dictionary, which says "quarry" as in "what." Nor do they agree with most outsiders who identify themselves by saying "quarry" as in "quarter." No, the Anna youngster who ran delightedly to her mother one dusk formed the perfect rhyme when she exclaimed, "Mother, I saw a fairy in the quarry!"

Anna, observing its first birthday in the year 1855, scarcely could have been described as even a "cluster" of houses, but a young man strode into town one day, sized up the community and the countryside, decided he liked what he saw, and settled there. That was the

Photo by Horrell Studio, Anna.

Stone crusher.

beginning, both for Anna and for E. H. Finch, of a long, prosperous, community-building career.

A New Yorker by birth, E. H. Finch had come west in 1850, when he was thirty-two, to follow blacksmithing. Quickly the adventure of building railroads caught him, and he secured grading contracts, first for the Terre Haute, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad, and then the Illinois Central. It was while he was on the latter job that he "discovered" Anna.

Young Finch immediately went into partnership with a friend, Cyrus Shick, and together they broke the earth to dig stone. The spot was at the extreme north end of the present huge quarry, a section now overgrown with

mosses and brush which hang precariously to vertical masses of earth and rock.

Lime burning was the first activity of the partners, to provide lime for their neighbors. They built kilns at the spot for burning the stone, and proceeded to carry on the digging, rock removal, and burning entirely by hand—slow, primitive, back-breaking work. Soon it was possible to set up a crushing machine, but still it was necessary to load the small carts by hand, and pull them over to the incline by mules. The trip to the surface, shorter than now, was nevertheless up a steep incline. Before very long this last was accomplished by steam power.

Partners Finch and Shick acquired 160 acres of land surrounding the tiny quarry, and operated a dairy farm for many years. At the close of the Civil War, Finch started a new endeavor, a livery stable, which he ran successfully. Not busy enough, he also for a time operated the local flouring plant, People's Mills. In addition, he found time to serve the community as president of the board of directors of what was at that time the Southern Illinois Insane Asylum.

Cyrus Shick, whose partnership with Finch turned out so well, had come to these parts from Reading, Pennsylvania. For a score of years following the Civil War, he owned the Ullin Quarry which rivaled that of Anna in importance. Its production capacity in 1879, for instance, was five hundred bushels of burned lime a day, a feat which employed two kilns and fifteen men.

The children, and then the grandchildren of the two men who dug rock by hand, inherited the property. A relative of the Shicks bought up the farm and quarry from the various descendants, and continued to operate both. That relative was a man of great local and statewide prominence, a leader in the Civil War, whose love for the people of Anna he showed tangibly during his lifetime and after his death.

Robert Burns Stinson was one of the community's largest contributors to educational and charitable funds, and upon his death he gave his entire estate, the farm, the quarry, to the people of Anna, with which to build a public library.

The story of Robert Burns Stinson's will and the realization of his dream is a tale for another telling. Amazing indeed is the document in its careful plan of perpetuating his gift under control of the townspeople, as amazing as the Stinson Public Library.

Stinson died in 1903, and in 1905, the city fathers, in order to fulfill the request of the will, sold the quarry. It was bought and operated for five years by the Swan Creek Phosphate Company of St. Louis, which in 1910, sold it to the Peabody Coal Company of Chicago. After three years, Peabody unloaded to C. F. Massey Company of St. Louis. Massey made concrete water tiles for railroads for a short while, but was happy to pass the quarry along to the Central Illinois Public Service Company.

Thus for a decade the Anna Quarry, so close to the people of the community, seemed to be an unsuccessful white elephant. Its production methods, its machinery, its very being seemed to be of another, a bygone era.

It was in 1921 that life again was breathed into the enterprise by the man whose name and personality still today are associated closely with it. G. H. Rippetoe had spent his youthful years working coal and clay in McDonough County, Illinois, before going to work for the Central Illinois Public Service Company. He became interested in the old quarry, resigned his CIPS job, sunk his savings into the project, and as active manager, started pushing the business. Production grew quickly to five hundred tons a day.

Left—Giant shovels loading stone. Right—Asphalt plant, adjacent to the quarry.

Photos by Horrell Studio, Anna.

Two years later Rippetoe organized a stock company, bought the entire property, and retired the ancient steam equipment. The large modern all-electric plant now in use was built at a cost of half a million dollars. A number of the older employes remember the event. Some, incidentally, even remember the change-over from burned lime to crushed stone; the brothers Treece, for instance, Robert and Claude, quarry foreman and mill foreman, who have been with the quarry for thirty-seven years.

The Anna Stone Company, as it was named, prospered once more until a split came in the management just before the stock market crash of November, 1929. A policy disagreement brought about Rippetoe's resignation, and he sold out his interest to the other members of the firm. In less than two years the company went into receivership, and finally the second mortgage bondholders, to save their interests, took over the plant.

Rippetoe still was living in Anna. In fact, he was serving the city in his first of three terms—until 1942

Photo by Horrell Studio, Anna.
Plant, Anna Quarry.

—as commissioner of accounts and finance. He returned to the stone business, purchased the well-known quarry, and in 1936 the firm was reorganized. Anna Quarries, Incorporated, today able to process 1500 tons of rock in an eight-hour day, is under his close management and supervision. Others in the firm, all Chicago men, are B. Vellenga, president; Fred Person, vice-president; G. A. Dahlberg, secretary; and John A. Benson, treasurer.

Anna, busy city of homes and gardens, Rippetoe prefers to Chicago, for he has reared four daughters there, who in turn, have given him three granddaughters.

The quarry continues to be very much a part of Anna's life. A certain thrill of excitement comes not only to the casual onlooker, but is shared by the townspeople and the workers, when the rumble of thunder and earthquake announces another "shot." They never tire of watching—from a respectful distance—the bursting of the earth at its seams and the crash of tremendous fragments to the 110-foot bottom of the Grand Canyon-like pit.

For the primary shooting, a well drill bores holes about twenty feet apart and twenty feet back from the face of the cliff. These holes are at least seventy feet deep. As much as eight tons of dynamite may be used in one shot. Seventy thousand tons of jagged stone tumble down, ready for the next step.

"Secondary shooting" follows. This means breaking up the largest pieces of limestone with jackhammer drills until they are small enough to be picked up by the power shovels. Then slow and lazy-like, a Diesel shovel crawls over to the hill of broken stone. Conscious of its strength, it exerts itself a little as it noses under the rubble, wheezes, grunts, and then swings a two-and-a-half-ton dipperful around to the waiting truck. Four of these sturdy trucks carry the stone over to the bottom of the 200-foot incline, where even sturdier little cable cars take the dumped load.

Noise is an inseparable part of quarrying. From the first blast and the secondary shooting, the stone clangs against the steel of trucks, next crashes into steel cars, and then rushes wildly into an inferno of continuous and violent sound waves. The tall concrete, wood, and sheet metal structure at the brink of the chasm shudders with the sound of shattering, splintering stone.

The two counterbalanced cable cars take turns at pulling five or six tons of boulders up the incline to dump into the pitiless, grinding maw of the primary crusher. Officially called a Number 12 gyratory crusher, it looks just like an abnormal, giant-sized brother of the simple little mortar and pestle with which the corner druggist mixes a powder prescription. In its immensity it looks cruel and relentless, as indeed it would be should a man slip into its power.

Heavy buckets on an endless belt carry the rough-cut stone from below the primary crusher up, 'way up, more than eighty feet to the top of the mill. There, just under the roof, large perforated cylinders, called scalping screens, start the first grading operation. Various sized rock goes either to bins for the different sizes, or back by conveyor to one or more secondary crushers, depending upon the size desired. There are four of these secondary crushers. Two of them are of the gyratory type for what is called "fine reduction," one-fourth to one-half inch in size. The other two, a Symons cone crusher, and a Traylor set of rolls, are both used for "extra fine reduction," producing practically a powder. Again, after further crushing, the stone is received by vibrating shaker screens which grade the finished product and send it down chutes into ten concrete bins to await shipment.

In addition to the ten bins, whose capacity is 1500 tons, or thirty railroad cars, crushed stone is also stockpiled in the open along railroad spurs. The stockpiles

are built up during periods of light delivery, and are ready to be called upon particularly during the heavy building season.

Anna Quarry has delivered itself of 4000 tons of rock in one day by using both the mill production and the stockpiles.

Where does all this stone go? What is it used for? Thirty per cent of it, in the form of dust, is sold for agricultural use. Farmers and horticulturalists as far north as Centralia and south into Mississippi call for Anna stone by truck and railroad. This is because the quarry is widely known for its high grade stone. In the deepest part of the pit more than half the stone is superior for agricultural use, testing as high as ninety-six and ninety-seven per cent pure calcium carbonate. Smaller amounts of crushed limestone are used as flux in steel mills and as filter media in industrial chemistry. One important use of Anna limestone is to save lives in coal mines. Being non-explosive, the lime-dust is used to dust down the interiors of mines to prevent spread of fires in case of an explosion.

Highways and roads of Illinois, Kentucky, and Tennessee take the greatest part of the quarry's output, up to about seventy per cent. For the building of the so-called "stabilized" roads, for example, this stone is ideal. The road base is made up of three and one-half inch stone, with three-fourth inch stone on top. Concrete highways require various sizes of the stone up to two inches.

One firm which takes a large part of the quarry's product is conveniently located one hundred yards away from the pit and its cluster of buildings. This is an asphalt products plant which purchases crushed stone, mixes it with binders such as asphalt, and furnishes road-building bituminous concrete all over Southern Illinois.

Many persons remember the old Anna-Jonesboro streetcar or interurban line. Abandoned in 1923, the Anna Quarry rebuilt the line as a full-fledged railroad in 1944. One of the shortest railroads in Illinois—or anywhere else—it is two miles long, running from the Anna State Hospital past the quarry to connect with the Illinois Central lines.

Partners Finch and Shick, ninety years ago, made a gash in Southern Illinois earth. As its product helped man to grow better crops and then to get those crops faster to market, the gash grew larger. Today the enormous pit covers twelve acres, and its vertical sides drop

Photo by Horrell Studio, Anna.
Stinson Public Library, Anna.

away 75 to 110 feet. There seems to be little danger of running out of the high grade stone, for in the first place, the firm owns sixty acres of the original dairy farm, all underlaid with stone, and secondly, tests indicate the stone continues down from 500 to 1000 feet more, improving in grade all the way.

Much of the original dairy, fifty-five acres, is now fine orchard, producing incomparable Egyptian peaches. It is owned by Doctor Roy Keith of Anna. The Lakeland Stock Farm of R. Guy Pickrell of Anna occupies thirty-five acres, where romp some of the area's finest thoroughbred horses.

Today's Anna Quarry, sounder and doing more business than ever, continues to be an important part of Anna life. Around fifty persons are employed by the firm from April 1 to the end of December in the office, quarry, mill, and railroad. All are important to the operation of the business, but according to Manager Rippetoe, one man, a machinist, was chiefly responsible for keeping the plant open during the war. It has been impossible in recent years to replace worn or broken machinery and parts. More than once it appeared that quarrying would have to shut down for lack of some vital equipment. Fortunate it is, then, that at the head of the firm's complete and well-equipped machine shop has been the man who, it is said, can repair—or make—anything. He is George Miller, expert machinist, who can find "good in everything."

A Glimpse Beyond

By J. O. GIBBE

I love to sit at evening
On the lawn where I can see.
Shadows creeping 'cross the meadow
From the old persimmon tree;
Sneaking softly from the sunset
Thru the garden fence to me.

I can hear a tree frog chirping,
And a saucy whip-o-will
Calling greetings to his neighbor
Over on another hill,
And a dry fly tune his fiddle
To a screech owl's tenor trill.

Swallows sweeping o'er the garden,
Dipping almost to the ground;
All the night life slowly wakens
With sweet harmony of sound,
'Til a million harps are playing
In the vines and trees around.

'Tis an hour for meditation
With our God to talk things o'er,
Thankful for this hour of beauty,
How could man need pleasure more.
'Tis a glimpse of joys awaiting
When man reaches Heaven's door.

A Bell Speaks

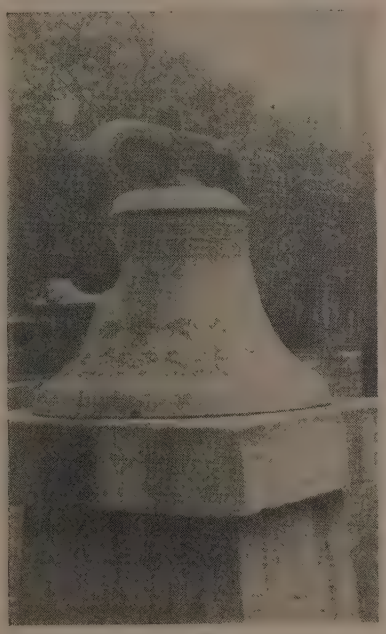
By DAISY TUCKER MOORE

The interesting story of the life of a bell, which has traveled far and has seen much of the nation's progress.

I AM a bell on a pedestal. It's a quiet sort of life I live sitting here day after day, year after year; but when one is old one prefers the quiet way of life. Sometimes I am covered with a blanket of snow; in Spring I see the first green blades of grass at the foot of my pedestal and throughout the long summer days the sweltering sun blisters my silver paint. You see, I get a new coat every year or so. I love the tang of Autumn in the early October air and the sweet smell of Indian Summer. Children play as they pass by, going home from school. The little boys pelt me with stones to hear the slight "ding." They should have heard me long ago when . . . but, just suppose I begin long, long ago, as far back as I can remember.

I was purchased by a southern gentleman from the G. W. Coffin Company in Cincinnati, Ohio, and traveled on a large packet down the Ohio, passing this very town where I have lived so long, and down the Mississippi until the boat landed and I was unloaded at a large southern plantation. I cannot remember the date nor the name of my owner, for it was so long ago that my memory fails me. I was hung beside the barn and each morning my rope was pulled by a little pickaninny, whose duty it was to call the slaves to their work in the fields of cotton and sugar cane. At noon I was rung to call them in for their noon meal of "co'n pone 'n so'g'um" and again when the day's work was over, for a well earned rest in the evening.

I remember the beautiful southern nights, with the full moon hanging high in the summer sky, the strumming of the guitars and the banjos and the sob of the fiddles accompanying the Negro voices raised in song. There were dances in the moonlight, with happy laughter and shuffling feet. Sometimes I rang again when the overseer decided it was time for the merrymaking to stop. Soon all was quiet and peaceful and I had only the moon for company.



The bell at Mound City standing on pedestal. Note chip on rim in center foreground.

The peaceful days came to an end in 1861. Everything changed. Instead of the strumming of guitars, I heard the roar of cannon and the marching of feet. One by one the slaves disappeared; the master and missus left the big white house, the cotton and sugar cane grew untended and I rang no more. I saw soldiers, dressed sometimes in gray and sometimes in blue, marching down the road or scouting over the countryside. One morning a large company of blue-clad soldiers entered and, along with other things, I was taken down and carried to the wharf and aboard a waiting gun boat. I was a prize of war, along with nine other bells captured by Admiral Dixon Porter. The gunboat plowed its way up the Mississippi and the Ohio to its base at Mound City.

Here all the bells were tested for tone and penetrating clang. I was selected as the best, probably because of the large per cent of silver in my make-up. The others were melted into scrap metal. I was hung high in a tower at the Navy Yard. I was proud of my position as lead-off bell for the fleet moored in the harbor. John Schuler was watchman and it was his duty to ring the lead-off bell. I rang to turn out the marines, to call the laborers to work, and to tell the time every half hour.

I rang eight bells for four o'clock, eight o'clock, and twelve o'clock. One bell meant four-thirty, eight-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Two bells were rung for five, nine, and one o'clock, etc., adding a tap for each half hour until eight bells again. That is the Navy's system of time telling. I was always first, then each boat in the harbor repeated the time as I had rung it. After the war, the Navy Yard was returned to Mound City by the Government, but I continued there.

The great fire of 1879 destroyed the old Navy Yard where I had been on duty so long. The tall wooden supports that held me aloft burned, and I fell to the ground and rolled down the levee. A small piece was broken from my rim when I hit a rock, but it did not impair my ability to ring. After the fire

←

Can you top these?
Top—Bass caught at Crab Orchard Lake by Mr. and Mrs. R. Jungbecker, Mt. Vernon. (Photo by C. Cliff Grindle, Carbondale.) Bottom—Fishermen with catch at Crab Orchard Lake. Left to right—Chris Caras, George Greenwood, both of Marion, and Frank G. Thompson, Mt. Vernon.

I was rescued and placed at the school house on Main Street, where I called the boys and girls to classes for several years. When the new school was built, a new home also was provided for me. I was placed in a wooden tower about forty feet above the ground, beside the Firemen's Hall. I became the official fire bell.

When fire broke out someone yanked the long rope that dangled from my clapper. How loud I clanged! Everyone listened and I told them where the fire was located. One clang meant the first ward, the lower part of town; two clangs meant the second ward, my own vicinity; three clangs sent the red fire engine far into the upper end of town. Men, boys, and barking dogs followed the flying horses past my tower when I sent out the message of distress.

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I loved those summer evenings of long ago when the belles and beaux passed beneath me going toward the nearby Firemen's Hall. In the hall above the rooms that housed the fire engine and hose carts, they danced to the music of the guitar and the violin. I still can hear *Over the Waves*, and see the graceful dancers as they swayed past the upstairs windows which were just level with my tower-top home. I remember the blushes of those maidens as they lifted their ruffled skirts above trim ankles, as they stepped across the puddle in the depression beneath me, a depression left there by scuffling little-boy feet, as their owners contemplated their chances of getting away should they muster the nerve to pull the tempting rope hanging so near.

I can remember when a new city ordinance was passed that forbade a vehicle fueled by kerosene, gasoline, or steam from moving faster than ten miles an hour and forced that vehicle to stop when meeting a horse that appeared scared until that horse had passed safely. I have seen many changes take place in this little home town of mine. My colleagues, the fire engine and the horses, were replaced with a new shiny truck one year. More and more cars passed my tower and fewer and fewer horses and buggies.

Wonderful were the Decoration Days of the Gay Nineties. Warm sunshine, much hammering and preparation told me the gala day was nearing. How the people crowded into town! From my perch high in the tower, I could see the Big Four disgorging the crowd of merry-makers from Cairo and the towns up the line. Popcorn, confetti, pink lemonade, ice cream, ham sandwiches, pop, paper umbrellas, bamboo canes and felt pennants, paper hats, and celluloid buttons that gave their wearers "license to butt in" were sold from little stands stretching as far as I could see up and down the street and out the "gravel road" toward the National Cemetery, where the memorial program was held that gave excuse for the day of fun. Here tribute was paid in speech and song to the heroes of American wars. A salute was fired and taps sounded.

Yes, I rang for the ravishing fire of 1887. A boarding house near the Big Four Depot was ablaze. I could see it plainly. Someone grabbed my

rope and rang out the two taps that designated the second ward, then such clanging as I never before had made. The fire spread, sparks flew from house to house. Such excitement! House after house caught. Men worked valiantly and I did my best to help, but in spite of all we could do, a large part of Mound City was wiped out. I shall never forget it, not if I sit here a million years.

One spring day in 1910, I was greatly surprised and not a little perturbed to find myself unbolted from my tower and gently lowered to the ground. I wondered what was happening. I was carried away from my old home. Soon I was hoisted higher and higher and was placed in a new home. I was on Main Street and could see nearly all over town, for my new home was much higher than my old one and made of steel instead of wood. Toward the east I could see the Ohio River and across it into Kentucky on clear, bright days.

I have seen days of peace and days of war. I saw troop trains stop at the Big Four Station and saw our young men board them. I heard them sing "we won't come back 'til it's over, over there." I rang out the joyous tidings of the Armistice. I looked down upon the deliriously happy crowd that celebrated that November 11, in 1918. I rang so hard I was sure my clapper would burst my sides. I will never forget it.

After the war I went back to the routine of ringing for fires which broke out occasionally. The most terrific shriek rent the air one morning. I was terribly frightened and waited, expecting my rope to be yanked at any moment. Surely some calamity had befallen our town. The shriek died away, then rose again, frighteningly. I was speechless with fear. Eventually it stopped. Several days later I was again unbolted and lowered to the ground. I wondered if I was to have a still higher home, but I was carried over here near the Illinois Central Station, and placed upon my pedestal and painted a beautiful shining silver. That was my first coat and I was very proud of it. The men who moved me talked of the new fire siren and I came to understand that the shrieking terror, which had frightened me so, was my successor.

I have been here a good many years now, twenty to be exact. In 1937, when the high water ran over the levee and inundated the town, I never spent such a six weeks in my life. I thought the water would never go down. I was rusty and covered with mud when the water finally receded. There was so much to be done that it was more than a year before they got around to giving me a new coat of paint, which is renewed from time to time.

My life has been a full one. I practically have grown up with Mound City. I've seen war, fire, and water wreak havoc here, but we, Mound City and I, have weathered it together. I hope to see a new peace settle over the whole world before long. A few months ago I heard the wonderful news that this terrible war was over. I was very thankful. I wasn't able to ring out the glad tidings as I did in 1918, but I rejoiced nevertheless. Someday perhaps some of my little school friends will come by, and with a long strong stick give me a helping hand. I'd like to take part in one more big celebration for, you know, I grew up on excitement. If I may have that privilege, I shall be glad to return to my placid existence here on my pedestal.

Lake Glendale At Night

By BERNIE SMITH

Ah, Glendale, wrapped in splendor grand,
The working of a Finite hand;
I view each calm and wind swept wave,
And oh, thy peace my heart doth crave.

The moonbeams dancing merrily,
Call back again the youth in me;
I long for some enchanted lair,
To live and view thy beauty rare.

Thy golden, moonlit waters shine
Against the silhouette of pine;
Thou art a gem in Egypt's crown,
Thou art all worthy of renown.

Enthralled I stand as I survey,
Lake Glendale cloaked in night's array;
And something in the heart of me,
Says, "Stay here for Eternity!"

Why Not Have A Pioneer Village?

By JOHN W. ALLEN

A timely suggestion of a project that would bring many visitors to Southern Illinois, and would preserve for posterity our rapidly vanishing heritage.

THOSE who have visited the countryside of the New England states have found a people proud of their past and with a calm self-confidence that comes from a knowledge of the fact that their section has contributed its full share to our nation's development. This feeling is likewise evident in Virginia and in the Old South. A traveler in the British Isles hardly finds an acre that does not yield its story. Visitors to any of these places are made to feel the magic that a storied past has cast over all.

To these various localities, travelers often make pilgrimage in order to enjoy the atmosphere given by a past that has left its imprint there. In each place the people are proud of their heritage and ready to proclaim it to all who come. Citizens of Southern Illinois often go to these places to revel in their stories and in the evidences of their past culture. There can be no quarrel with those who do so. But while we are doing this, let us not be unmindful of our local heritage. Let it be remembered that Southern Illinois also has an interesting story, one that does not suffer unduly when compared with the earlier ones of other sections. Should not some steps be taken to preserve enough of the evidence of our earlier story to make it meaningful to those whose experience never has toughed upon it?

More than four years ago plans for the restoration of a pioneer village in this area first were discussed. It was felt that such a restoration would carry more significance than casual thought might indicate. It also was agreed that the region afforded excellent materials for such a venture. All with whom it was discussed were united in the opinion that the relative isolation of this section of Illinois was being eliminated fast by improved roadways and by other increased contacts. Time is also removing the last of those who knew and lived in the latter stages of the pioneer era in our section of the state. All of those considerations strengthened the conviction that the sooner such a program be initiated, the better and more thoroughly it could be done.

When the author of this article first conceived the plan of such a village, he mentioned it to the late Roscoe Pulliam, then president of the Southern Illinois Normal University, and met with great encouragement. He was asked to prepare plans and sketches for such a venture. Before the plans could be carried forward, the state of President Pulliam's health and the general disruption resulting from the war in Europe made the wisdom of action at that time questionable. With the entry of the United States into the war, every hope for immediate promotion of the plan was dismissed.

Except for occasional discussion among those most concerned, no further effort was made to enlist interest until the appointment of a post-war planning commission was made by Governor Green in the latter part

Sketch of suggested pioneer village.

Drawing by Loraine Waters, Percy.

of 1944. At that time the plan was revived and brought to the attention of members of the commission and to members of various civic groups of the area. It was supported enthusiastically by those to whose attention it was brought, and all agreed that it would be a worthy post-war project.

It might be well to direct the attention of those who have not considered the value of such a restoration to the part that Southern Illinois has played in the history of the State. It also might be well to keep in mind the fact that this section has remained a distinct cultural region long after radical changes came in other places. These conditions may be accounted for by the following information concerning its early settlements.

When the first influx of settlers came into this territory, they followed the rivers as the natural avenues of travel. Some of these immigrants came from the settlements on the eastern seaboard to the region of Pittsburgh and thence down the Ohio. Others came from the Carolinas and the older settlements of Kentucky and Tennessee, by way of the Cumberland and Tennessee river valleys to the Ohio. A part of these newcomers continued to the Mississippi River and up that stream to the Kaskaskia-Cahokia region. Many others landed at various places along the Ohio from Shawneetown to the vicinity of the old village of America in Pulaski County.

Of those landing along the Ohio, some moved inland and settled. Others followed the woodland trails to the north and west. In this manner numerous communities sprang up in Southern Illinois before the remainder of the state had any settlements of note. Substantially the same pattern was followed by the tradesmen and merchants who came in the wake of the first settlers. Thus the southern part of the State was well settled before the other parts were developed. In fact, the southern section of the State might well be termed "the State" until many years after the admission of Illinois into the Union. During this period the wealth, political power, and culture of the State centered in this area.

With the development and increased use of the steamboat and the building of the national highway from the east to the region of Vandalia, the streams of immigration showed a definite tendency to by-pass the southern section. The northern portions of the State experienced a rapid development and the wealth in those regions came to surpass that of the southern part. Thus our section became somewhat isolated and tended to make slower progress.

The foregoing is offered as an explanation of the fact that a condition exists in Egypt that lends itself particularly well to the promotion of a plan to preserve the evidences of our early culture. Much of the furniture and many of the buildings, implements, tools, and various other articles used by the pioneers are still available here. These afford one of the better opportunities existing anywhere in the Mississippi valley literally to reconstruct an earlier cultural environment. These remaining evidences should be preserved and used as a means of making real to all, the development of our section of Illinois and to keep before those growing up today a realization of the capabilities and worth of those who built our present State.

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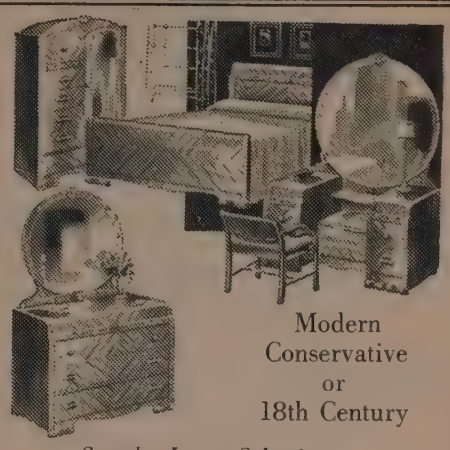

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This best could be done by a collection of such buildings and articles as are yet available. The buildings selected could be brought to some central location and reconstructed after proper treatment to ensure their preservation. The plat of some early day village might be used for the restored one. In this manner the buildings assembled would be the genuine buildings as used by the pioneers. The plat of the town also would be a real plat. In these buildings could be placed tools, implements, furniture, and various articles used by the early settlers. Thus there would be made available for all those interested, a means of observing firsthand the conditions of a vanished way of life.

This village would include typical pioneer dwellings with the fittings used in such homes. There would be the wide fireplaces with all the devices that went with them, the four-posters and trundle beds, the spinning and weaving equipment in general use in almost every home, along with the countless other homely articles. The tavern which has given shelter to the early traveler also would be seen. Around the barns and outbuildings, the tools and implements of an era would be gathered. The office of the pioneer physician with his scanty equipment and often outmoded medicines would be there. All these would appear under the same conditions that saw them in their former use.

There is no restoration in America that would be parallel to this one. Lincoln's New Salem, perhaps the world's best restoration of a particular village, and one of America's shrines, is, with the exception of Onstatt's cooper shop, entirely a rebuilt village. Williamsburg, in Virginia, is likewise a rebuilt town and is meant to portray the height of culture of a period and region. This it does and well. Henry Ford's Greenfield Village is a wonderful collection of buildings and materials that have a great place in our history. It is of national scope.

The proposed pioneer village assembly would be intended to portray in an intensive way the everyday manner of living of a people in a selected time and area. Since this village would be typical of the pioneer era of the Mississippi valley, it would be of national significance. It would stand as a memorial to those generations that so well laid the basis of a great nation. It would attract countless students and other persons interested in pioneer culture. It would reveal the ingenuity and capabilities of those who came to make their homes in the wilderness.

All this can be done at a very nominal cost. Many of the desired buildings can be secured as gifts. Persons with cherished objects that were important in another day would be glad to give them for such a purpose knowing that their gifts would be preserved. Numerous individuals already have voiced their hope that such an opportunity might be offered to them.

The author would be most pleased to see such a village constructed in Southern Illinois. He would be glad to see some one of the organizations that have manifested an interest in its promotion take on the task of locating such a village somewhere in our section of the State. Under these conditions he would be glad to furnish any details thus far developed to the group undertaking the work.

De Soto Slept Here

By FRED W. RICHART

LIKE Solomon, De Soto was enamored of gold, fine horses, and beautiful women. With his share of the gold stolen from the conquered Incas, he returned to Spain to gratify his ambition to pose as a hero and a gentleman. He established a fine racing stable and put it in charge of a liveried equerry. Being on visiting terms with the King, he built and furnished a beautiful home. His fame spread throughout all Spain. No doubt these luxuries had much to do with persuading Balboa's sister to become Senora De Soto.

After the excitement of conquering the Incas and looting their gold, De Soto became bored with merely being rich. He could not let "well enough" alone. The exotic incense from Florida reached even to Spain and stirred him to action. Being appointed Governor of Cuba provided a base for operation, so he received a commission to conquer and colonize Florida.

In May, 1539, he landed at Tampa Bay with a pageant of six hundred gentlemen, adventurers, and lackeys, took over a stranded Spaniard who knew the country, and proceeded to comb the Solid South in what he believed to be another Peruvian jaunt. Gold and silver, along with fine artisans, failed to materialize, but other attractions, forms of riches, and Indians to harass and murder were along the way.

Hearing of De Soto's coming, Princess Cofachiqui sailed down a Georgian river in state to meet him. Signifying her friendship, she hung about his neck a beautiful string of pearls, invited him to a series of royal banquets, and "gave him the keys to her city."

Enamored with her beauty and graciousness, De Soto accepted the invitation and the bounties of the royal table. Nor could he resist the temptation to rob the sarcophagi of the wealth of pearls buried with royalty in the Temple of Tolomeco. Prompted by lack of resistance to his depredations, he repaid Cofachiqui for her kindness by kidnapping her and becoming America's "number one public enemy."

With the connivance of her own axmen, enslaved by De Soto, Cofachiqui recovered a trunkful of pearls, and escaped from his clutches. Enraged at his loss, De Soto pounced upon the Cherokee Indians at Mauville (Mo-

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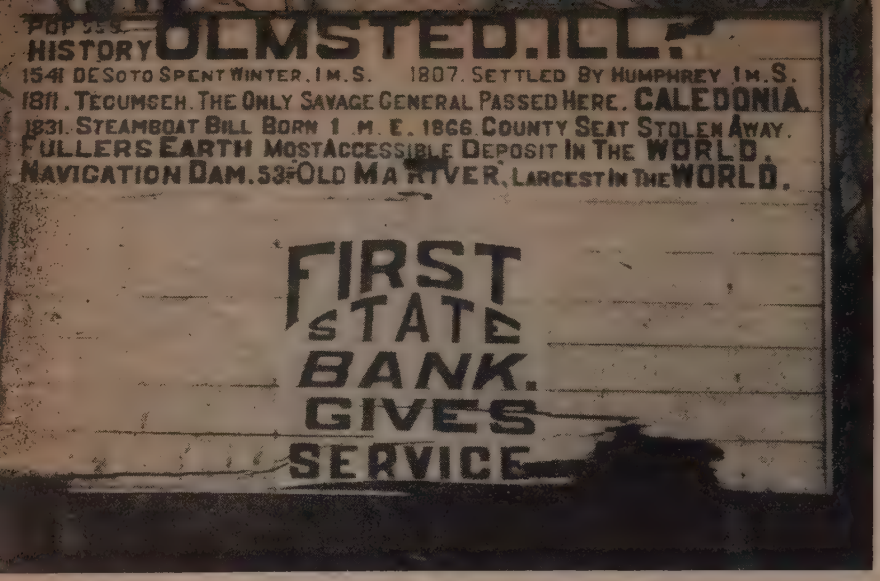
POP 353
HISTORY OLMSTED.ILL.
1541 DE SOTO SPENT WINTER. I M. S. 1807. SETTLED BY HUMPHREY I M. S.
1811. TECUMSEH. THE ONLY SAVAGE GENERAL PASSED HERE. CALEDONIA.
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bile), burned their town, murdered two thousand of their people, and took Chief Tuscaluza a prisoner. As he left the scenes of his atrocities and turned north, the Indians turned the tables and harassed De Soto to his watery grave.

In the fall of 1541, De Soto's frayed nerves sought a quiet rest. He needed to recuperate for the next stage of discovery and bloody conquest. This respite he found on the north side of the Ohio River near what is now the site of Fort Massac. Thus did Egypt first become known to the white man. Whether tradition or fact that De Soto camped on Illinois soil, his actions tie in with the reputation that enraged the Indians, and it makes a good story.

When that eminent historian of Illinois, J. Nick Perrin, was asked about De Soto wintering in Illinois, he said, "I know no reason to believe that De Soto ever crossed the Ohio River." The rest of the story is mainly from Thomas' *Pictorial History of the United States of America;* House and Brown, Hartford, 1849.

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Egyptian Starlight

VII—Howard Barlow

A man who became famous because of his pioneer work with symphonic music over the airways. Today he is one of radio's outstanding conductors.

TWENTY-TWO alert musicians sat in a semicircle on a stage in a radio broadcasting studio. The audience, hushed with expectancy, stared at the lean back of the conductor as he slowly raised his baton. The radio announcer had completed his introductory remarks, the engineers in the control booth gave an "all clear" signal, and the baton swished sharply downward. Strategically placed microphones picked up the musical sounds as they emanated from the strings, the winds, and the brass. The studio audience relaxed to the superb tonal enchantment of Luigini's *Ballet Egyptien.*

This radio program inaugurated the Columbia network with an hour of symphonic music; and whether by coincidence or deliberate choice, the *Ballet Egyptien* was selected to be the first rendition by Conductor Howard Barlow, a one-time resident of Egypt, in Illinois.

Mount Carmel, Illinois, situated in the northeast section of Egypt, in Wabash County, lays claim to contributing to the success of Howard Barlow, one of the great American born music masters of his time, who for the past three years has conducted the Firestone Symphony Orchestra on the "Voice of Firestone" radio program heard Monday nights, and the newer "Harvest of Stars," International Harvester program, on Sunday afternoons over the National Broadcasting Company network.

Probably the greatest single accomplishment on which Barlow may rest his laurels is that he pioneered in symphonic music on the radio, starting with the *Ballet Egyptien* on September 18, 1927. One of the busiest conductors in the music world, Barlow stands in the spotlight because of his native ability. The *Baltimore Sun* commented editorially: "Mr. Barlow is a distinguished American musician who has demonstrated his competence as an organizer and conductor of symphony orchestras. He favors American composers, but this does not mean that he slights Brahms and Beethoven. He comes to Baltimore with a national reputation already achieved."

Howard Barlow was born in Plain City, Ohio, on May 1, 1892. Earl W. Barlow, his father, who was a lumber merchant, moved the family to Mount Carmel, Illinois, when Howard was a baby. They resided in the old Seitz homestead on Cherry Street between Second and Third Avenues. The father operated a furniture factory in this musical city situated on the Wabash River.

This very well could turn out to be an "I knew him when" story about "a boy who used to live in our town." The residents of Mount Carmel are so proud of the musical genius of Howard Barlow that they hasten to tell of his musical beginnings and the small contribution made by this one and that one to those beginnings. One hears about how he first "took music lessons" from the kind wife of Doctor Thomas H. Daly and then from Mrs. Nora McClung.

Mount Carmelites tell about J. M. Mitchell having an old cello that fascinated the boy. When the cello was lent to Howard, he rigged it up with "some sort of strings and made it play." Mitchell encouraged Howard, arranged for the purchase of the right kind of strings, and gave him a few lessons. Howard then assembled a small Sunday School orchestra at the Methodist Church where his father directed the choir. Young Howard drilled the youngsters so thoroughly that they were considered good enough to play at the dedication of the new church building.

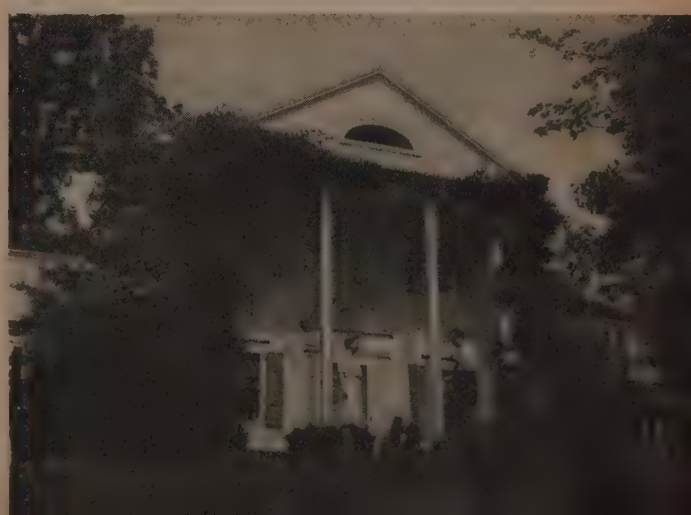
Several years later, the Barlow family moved to Denver, Colorado, where Howard continued his studies that led him up the ladder to success.

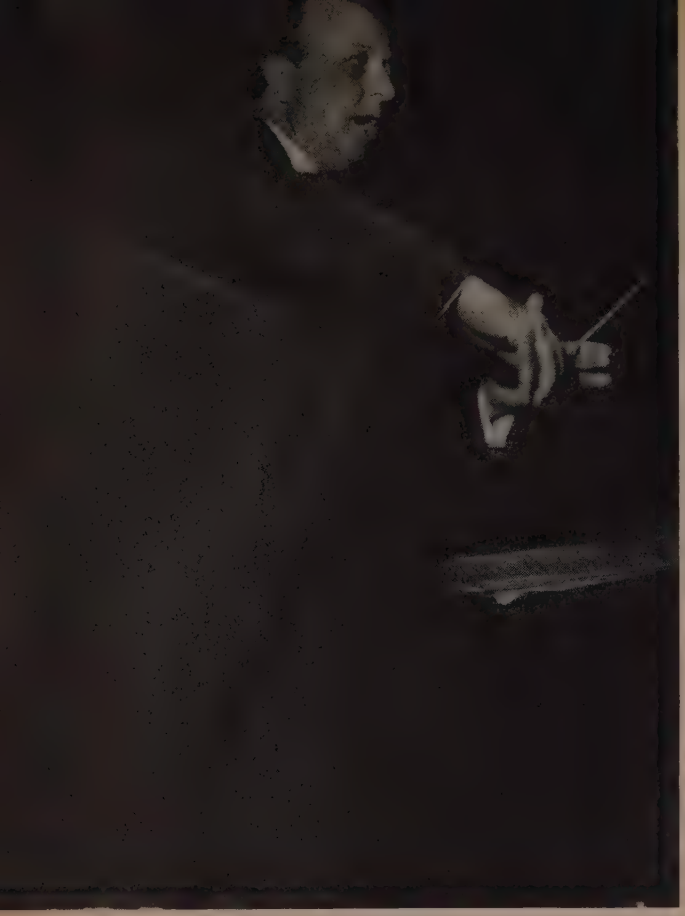
"Howard has done more for American composers and singers in forcing recognition of native talent than anyone else in the country," said one Mount Carmel admirer. "His father and all of us had faith in him and he really has gone places in the music world," said another.

Mount Carmel always has been a music-minded city. From before the time when the Barlows moved there, it has been known as the "Little City of Great Music." Today, the high school has the largest and best music library in Egypt. Its record section contains a collection of all of Barlow's recordings. These records were the gift of G. V. Rockey, formerly with the Meissner Manufacturing Company of Mount Carmel.

In Denver, Howard's musical talent was recognized and further developed by Wilburforce J. Whiteman,

The Barlow home.





Howard Barlow in action.

father of Paul Whiteman, the well known band leader. The senior Whiteman was head of the music department in the Denver public schools and also directed the choir at Trinity Church. While on a vacation one year, he left the singing organization in charge of his young protégè, Barlow. Miss Eleanore Parkinson, of Mount Carmel, delights to tell of singing for Howard that summer in the church choir.

Following high school, young Barlow entered the University of Colorado and then Reed College in Oregon, while his family still clung to the hope that he would enter his father's furniture manufacturing business. After Howard was graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree in English Literature, he went to Columbia University on a scholarship.

Barlow's music career then began in earnest. He permitted himself to be registered as an "American Singer" by a Columbia Circle agency in New York. His original intention of becoming a baritone soloist dimmed with passing time—not because he could not sing, but because he suddenly was thrown into a new job as choral director. The territory he covered during this introductory period of conducting included Brooklyn, New Jersey, Long Island, and the Bronx. Just before World War I he enlarged his experience by directing small instrumental groups which accompanied the singers.

Barlow's work toward a Doctor of Philosophy degree at Columbia was interrupted by the war. He sailed for France as a private on one of the first transports—to return on one of the last as Sergeant Barlow.

Upon his return from overseas, in 1919, he resumed his career and conducted several American festivals, most notable among which was the Peterboro, New Hampshire, Music Festival sponsored by Mrs. Edward McDowell, widow of the famous American composer.

In 1923, Barlow assembled seventy-five musicians and called the group the American National Orchestra. A primary requisite for entrance into this musical organization was that each musician be American born and American trained. Apparently it was an inopportune time for such a project, since New York already was supporting two orchestras. Barlow's orchestra carried on for two seasons before disbanding. During this brief time, Barlow and his group had made a noticeable impress upon the music scene in the eastern metropolis.

Howard Barlow, subsequently became musical director at the Playhouse in Grand Street. He arranged the music for its productions and even appeared as a singer himself under the name of Thomas Tilton. Among the plays for which he arranged musical backgrounds were *The Little Clay Cart, The Dybbuk,* and *Grand Street Follies.*

Shortly after the advent of radio, Barlow began making farsighted plans. When he felt that radio was in a position to sustain broadcasts of symphonic music, he began plugging his dream. At last his ambitions were realized when, on that September afternoon in 1927, he led his little group into the first bars of Luigini's *Ballet Egyptien.* Several hours later he returned to the studio and played good solid American music, the first radio performance of Deems Taylor's *The King's Henchman.*

This eventful introduction of symphonic music to the homes of America was the prelude to the constant growth of the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, now a sixty-piece organization. With this group Barlow made numerous recordings of symphonies, overtures, operas, suites, and other miscellaneous orchestral renditions.

The new phase of the radio industry to which Barlow gave precedence offered him ample opportunity for advancement. At one time or another he conducted the "Philco Radio Hour," the "Symphonic Hour," "Understanding Music," "Understanding Opera," "Melody Masterpieces," "Everybody's Music," and was musical director of the "March of Time."

While with the Columbia Broadcasting System, Barlow introduced many works by famous American composers who were assigned by Columbia to write music specifically for radio. Barlow also presented works that showed merit submitted by relatively unknown American composers. In 1940, he was awarded a certificate of merit by the National Association of American Composers for being that year the "outstanding native interpreter" of American music.

Howard Barlow has made guest concert appearances with the symphony orchestras of Philadelphia, Duluth, Montreal, Seattle, and Vancouver, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra at the Lewisohn Stadium, and the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington, D. C. He also has conducted summer concerts at Ravinia Park, Illinois, and the Hollywood Bowl.

An energetic worker, Barlow drives himself more than he does his musical associates. Standing five feet, nine inches, he weighs 175 pounds, has a very sensitive facial

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expression, graying light brown hair, and blue eyes. Mrs. Barlow was Jeannette Thomas of Portland, Oregon. She starred in the theater as "Ann Winston." Howard likes orange shortcake, the *Prelude to Tristan*, and to write difficult songs.

Very few lovers of music are without Barlow's recordings of *Pomp and Circumstance* and *Londonderry Air*, both of which appear on one record. A pioneer in bringing to the air the best in music, past and present, Barlow's star still is in the ascendancy.

Americans long will continue to listen to Barlow's presentation of great music by such composers as Johann Strauss, Corelli, Verdi, Rossini, Bach, Beethoven, Smetana, Rubinstein, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Schubert, Haydn, and Taylor. And when Monday evening rolls along, and Sunday afternoons pass by, countless numbers of radios will be tuned in to the "Voice of Firestone" and the "Harvest of Stars" over the National Broadcasting Company network to listen to the symphony orchestras conducted by Howard Barlow.

While millions of American music lovers relax contentedly to symphonic compositions by the masters, past and present, Howard Barlow well may pause to reflect that back home, in Mount Carmel, that "Little City of Great Music" on the banks of the Wabash, there are residents by the hundreds who regard him as the city's greatest musical product.

Tie Plant in Summer

By MARGARET CIMOSSA

Weather's blazin' hot today!
Niggers on the run,
Sweat's a-drippin' off our brows,
But work's a-gittin' done.
Cranes a-lumberin' noisily,
Engines shrilly shriek,
While just outside our windows
The load-out crews all meet.
A-talkin' and a-moppin' sweat,
"My, ain't it hot today!
"De Good Lawd sent de summer,
"De Good Lawd take away."
Welders sparkin' busily,
Cuttin' up a tank,
Hammers goin' on a roof,
Carriers treadin' plank,
Mules a-pullin' empty trams
And men a-tottin' ties,
Clean-up crews a-sprayin' weeds
To make the yard look nice.
A-floatin' on the summer breeze
The smell of creosote
A-mixin' with the other smells
Of burnin' wood and smoke.

Yes, weather's blazin' hot today,
Men a-huntin' shade,
Sweat's a-droppin' off our brows
While money's bein' made.

Rock House By The Road

By MRS. ARTHUR R. LAWDER

IN THE days when steamboats plied up and down the Mississippi River, an enterprising Egyptian, Alexander Hindman, decided to operate a wood yard from which vessels could refuel. He bought land one mile west of the then flourishing town of Liberty (later changed to Rockwood), and seven miles east of Chester. On that land he established his business.

Alexander Hindman was born December 28, 1804, at Hindman, Kentucky, the son of John Hindman, who had emigrated from Ireland. In the spring of 1807, John Hindman and his family moved to Illinois. His wife rode a filly with a basket on each side strapped to the saddle, with her son Alexander in one and his baby brother, Robert, in the other. The Hindmans first settled near what is now Poland Station in Randolph County.

Alexander Hindman grew to manhood there and married Sarah Barber. They had three sons, Alexander, John, and Sam. With a wife and three children to provide with the necessities of life, Alexander Hindman conceived the idea of selling fuel to the steamboats on the river. He bought land near the stream and opened up a wood yard.

There was a log cabin on the land which was nearer the river and farther west than the present Rock House. The wood yard proved a flourishing business. One son, James Harvey Hindman, was born in the log cabin April 30, 1837.

As Alexander Hindman's business grew he decided to build a larger house farther back from the river, letting the contract in 1839. The mason was John Moore and the carpenter, John Sauerbee.

All the material was secured on the place except the three mantel pieces and one door. The limestone was found about two hundred yards northeast of the site of the house.

The downstairs woodwork was oak and coffee nut, the floor being of oak slabs two inches thick and eighteen inches wide fastened to sleepers with wooden pins. Upstairs the floors were of poplar. All windows and door facings were of coffee nut. The wood used throughout was cut and sawed on the Hindman property. The house finished, the Hindman family moved into it in the spring of 1841. Soft and very refreshing water was furnished by a well northwest of the house.

With the change in the location of the Hindman home, it took the boats almost two hours longer to refuel, the additional time required by the workers to carry the wood to the boat. To pass the time the passengers just naturally left the boat and walked around the grounds, getting a cool drink at the well and admiring the Rock House. Built of sandstone and with not a single nail used in its structure, it always was of interest to the visitors.

The legend that Charles Dickens visited the Hindman Rock House cannot be proven, but it is more than likely a fact. It is known that Dickens traveled by boat up the Mississippi River. What more likely than that his

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boat stopped to refuel and that Dickens, ever the seeker of knowledge, walked to the house, drank from the well, and exchanged conversation with the inhabitants of the house, possibly sitting for awhile on the porch overlooking the river?

In time Ol' Man River changed his course and thereby put an end to the Hindman wood yard for boats, and to the flour mill as well. The smoke stack of the mill stands today, an eerie relic of those bygone days.

Ann Hindman, fifth child and the first daughter, was born to Alexander and Sarah Hindman on December 23, 1840. On Christmas Eve, the next day, a steamboat, the *Belle of the South*, caught fire opposite the Hindman home. There was powder in the hold and $75,000 in money and valuables in the safe. The passengers and crew were brought ashore in boats and skiffs. Late that evening the explosion came and the *Belle of the South* sank. December 24, 1840, was a mild day. The door of the Hindman house was open so that the mother could see the burning boat. When the explosion came, a large cinder flew through the door and fell on the bed, scorching the quilt before it could be removed. James Harvey Hindman, one of Alexander's sons, liked to tell of the fascination to him of a piece of rope shooting high in the air and then descending, burning like fireworks.

Sam Hindman was so impressed with the idea of the treasure that sank with the boat, that in the summer of 1897 he made a trip from his home in Arkansas, set up a tent, and drilled for the treasure at the point where it was remembered the *Belle of the South* went down. The legend of buried treasure has at least that much foundation.

In time, Alexander Hindman built a frame house high up on top of the bluff and deeded the Rock House and surrounding land to his oldest daughter, Ann Hindman Lowe, who lived there until moving to Kansas in 1892. Some years later Mrs. Lowe sold the farm to her brother, Major James H. Hindman. The land still is in the Hindman family but the Rock House was purchased by the State of Illinois at the time State Highway 3 was built through the region. Mrs. Fannie P. Hindman, widow of Major James H. Hindman, was reluctant to grant the state right of way for fear the highway would be built too close to the house and the well. When the road was built it went right over the well and the house was situated on the highway right of way. The sale carried the stipulation that the State of Illinois should preserve the Rock House as a historical landmark.

In October, 1944, the roof caught fire presumably from sparks from a passing locomotive. Before the fire could be extinguished, the entire woodwork of the building was burned. The stone walls and the chimneys remain, relics of the roaring river days.

Front Cover Picture

Looking eastward, this aerial picture shows the status of the construction at Little Grassy Lake. The work is about eighty per cent finished. Hope is held for an early completion. The picture was taken by Bill Horrell of Anna. Illinois.

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Historical Society Tour

The Illinois State Historical Society visited Egypt in May. At the invitation of the Greater Egypt Association the society held its spring meeting at Harrisburg.

Registration showed 244 in attendance. Afternoon and evening sessions were held with the programs furnished by Egyptians.

The Greater Egypt Association conducted a tour of the historic and scenic spots of southeastern Egypt. Five busses and seventeen private cars made the trip. Shawneetown, Equality, Cave in Rock, Elizabethtown, Rosiclare, Golconda, and Metropolis were visited.

Top left—Looking out from Cave in Rock. (Photo by Noble Stockton, Springfield.) Bottom left—Bluff below Rose Hotel, Elizabethtown. (Photo by Josephine Thompson, Harrisburg.) Right, top to bottom—Fort Massac. (Photo by Noble Stockton, Springfield.) At foot of bluffs, Cave in Rock. (Photo by Josephine Thompson, Harrisburg.) Caravan stops in Shawneetown. Lunch at Cave in Rock. (Photos by Jay Monaghan, Springfield.)

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Homes of the Future

By NEIL R. SALEMI

Today, one year after V-J Day, Egypt, Illinois, finds itself industry's "Promised Land."

As part of a campaign to bring to Southern Illinois new industries, better roads, bigger rail terminals, and improved outlets to the Ohio and Mississippi waterways, the local county governments are paralleling their progress with a program to alleviate, or improve, the bulk of bad housing in the area.

The entire region, having a population of approximately 1,000,000, holds promise that more new industry will settle in the area than the labor supply can man. This situation is taking shape in the Herrin-Marion section where the labor demand shows signs of outstripping the local supply. All this indicates the need for additional housing.

The new industrialists locating in Egypt, along with the local business men, are taking a definite interest in the community—its development, improvement, and expansion plans. For with a progressive movement in action, the cities and counties, as well as big and little business, will grow.

One of the most significant developments growing out of the State program is the county-wide program taking shape in Randolph County. At the request of industry, the cities of Chester, Sparta, and Steeleville have plans to convert existing property into smaller family units so as to increase the housing supply in the county. With the aid of a housing adviser and the city planners sent the county by the State Housing Board, the county housing authority is working on immediate and projected plans.

With plans in hand and a true picture of housing conditions in the county, the Randolph County Housing Authority, led by Chairman Oran Koeneman, of Steeleville, is preparing an application for a State housing grant amounting to $42,557, which will provide aid in spading the groundwork of the county's proposed plans to improve its housing.

The Randolph County Housing Authority is not Egypt's only housing authority to realize fully the importance of housing as a means to induce new industry. Saline, Jackson, Franklin, Perry, and White Counties have taken initial steps in long range housing rehabilitation programs to fit the present and future needs of their communities.

Housing plans of these counties, and of counties in other sections of the State, find that to plan for additional housing alone is insufficient. The county authorities are working closely with county and municipal officials so that the full advantage of any community public improvement may fit into an over-all improvement plan. By doing this, proper zoning is given to industrial sites, business districts, parkways, and residential areas, assuring the best plan feasible. Co-operation between the local plan commission and the housing authority guarantees controlled expansion of the county's growth, and eliminates haphazard mushrooming, which has heretofore been prevalent in many Illinois cities and villages.

In 1943, Governor Dwight H. Green, observing the definite need for proper housing legislation in Illinois, appointed a committee of businessmen, bankers, social welfare societies, laborers, industrialists, real estate men, educators, and medical men to conduct a six months' study of housing conditions in the State. The findings of this committee supported housing legislation, which Governor Green personally sponsored in the 1945 General Assembly. As a result, the Assembly approved a $10,000,000 housing grant to be appropriated to the State Housing Board for allocation to every county in the State, and to each city having a population of 25,000 or more, according to the 1940 Census.

Specifically the legislation provides:

1. An appropriation of $10,000.000 to the State Housing Board for grants to assist private and public housing.

2. Power for cities and villages to clear blighted housing areas.

3. Authorization for counties to form regional housing authorities.

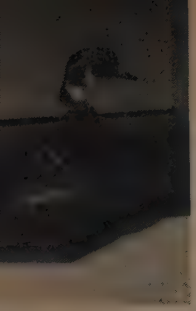
4. Power for local housing authorities to sell or lease property acquired by condemnation to private enterprise for housing re-development or other use for which it may be better suited.

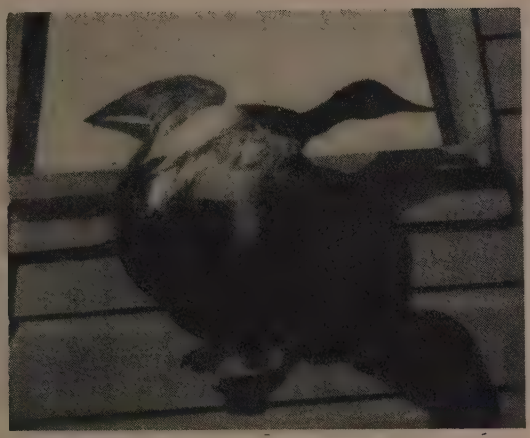
5. Liberalization of the State Housing Act to encourage organization of limited-dividend corporations to build and operate housing developments.

6. Authorization for Illinois and out of state insurance companies to invest in bonds and securities of private or public agencies engaged in housing, or to engage directly in housing development.

7. Permission for building and loan associations to buy land cleared of bad housing and to build and operate decent housing on it, and to invest in securities of Housing Authorities and Neighborhood Re-development Corporations.

Buttressed by the $10,000,000 appropriation, the State Housing Board is authorized to make outright grants to local housing authorities. The grants must be apportioned on a population basis, and no matching funds are required by the county. With the grants, housing authorities can acquire property and upon approval of their plans by the State Housing Board, sell or lease it to limited-dividend corporations, neighborhood redevelopment corporations, insurance companies, building and loan associations, other private corporations, and individuals for re-development. By adopting these provisions in the legislation, it was the intent of the Assembly to give private enterprise the opportunity to undertake the bulk of the homebuilding in Illinois.





Crab Orchard Wildlife

ft to right—Male wood duck, red shouldered hawk, great blue heron, white
Center, left to right—American bittern, canvasback duck, opossum, raccoon.
, left to right—bobcat, barn owls. All photographs on this page are of speci-
ound in the Crab Orchard Lake area. They were taken by Fred and George

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Looking Ahe

By LILL

McLEANSBORO

Like most good county seat towns, McLeansboro has a Courthouse Square. Thereby hangs a tale.

For many years, with many trips to the polls, most of the citizens endeavored to get rid of the disreputable old courthouse. Certain of the out-county folk objected. Finally, one year, "The Lord sent rain," and such a rain that the objectors could not get to the polls to vote against the courthouse proposition.

Today McLeansboro and Hamilton County have one of the neatest, prettiest courthouses you would care to see. It is built of yellow brick, stone, and concrete, and stands in the center of a wide sloping lawn, which is a well-kept greensward.

McLeansboro, with trade territory extending into five counties, has several clothing manufacturers, and is the home of the Texas Company's casing-head gas plant, which produces Butane, Iso-butane, Propane, Iso-pentane, and Pentane-plus.

The city, with an approximate 3,000 in residence, has adopted the slogan, "Virgin Territory for Industry," to fit the 1946 expansion-construction era. It is unusual for a city of its size to own its municipal electric power plant, municipal water system, and sewage disposal plant. As soon as building conditions will permit, the already fine high school is to be enlarged.

A dairy, hog, and poultry center, McLeansboro also boasts ten producing oil pools, and bank resources of $3,600,000.

The Kiwanis, Lions, I.O.O.F., Masons, American Legion, Izaak Walton League, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Farm Bureau organizations are to be found in the town, as well as an excellent public school system.

Perhaps McLeansboro is most proud of the fact that she is the hub of five Illinois State Highways, and that the town is only eleven miles west of U. S. Highway 45. The town has miles of paved streets and many beautiful homes, some stately old ones, some smaller type new ones.

An aggressive Chamber of Commerce offers locations for industrial plants on the main line of the L. & N. Railroad.

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McLEANSBORO, ILLINOIS

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ODDARD

HERRIN

The new Borg Warner manufacturing plant began production on July 29 when it turned out its first Norge washing machine. L. R. Ardis, factory manager, said the plant would be turning out 600 machines a day, under normal production, by the end of fall, but would increase the amount at the first of the year. Some 350 workers are now employed at the plant, though the force will be increased when Norge washing machine parts are more accessible.

As they are needed, auxiliary buildings will augment the plant on the 22-acre site. This is the largest industrial plant to locate in Egypt in recent years.

SHAWNEETOWN

President Truman recently signed a bill authorizing the construction of a toll bridge across the Ohio River, near Shawneetown. Work on it should begin within one year, and be finished within three years.

OMAHA

With a population of 450, the town contracted for a new $37,000 water system, recently completed. The project was financed through the sale of water revenue obligation bonds.

STEELEVILLE

The Egyptian Electric Co-operative Association, serving Jackson, Perry, Williamson, and Randolph counties, under the Rural Electrification Association, has been granted an REA loan of $280,000 for the construction of additional transmission lines in the respective counties.

SHAWNEETOWN

The town has hit an all-time, post-war building boom. One of the outstanding improvements planned is the construction of a $13,500 American Legion Community Hall Building, to be financed by the St. Mihiel Post.

DU QUOIN

The city has employed engineers to begin plans for a $100,000 community memorial. One thousand six hundred dollars already have been given for this project, by the Federal government, to finance the blueprinting of the building.

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MOUNT VERNON

The United States Treasury Department has approved the application of the Citizens' National Bank, which will start with a capital of $175,000.

CHESTER

Because of the approval of the House Rivers and Harbors Committee, a survey of municipal dock facilities will be conducted by the United States Army Engineer Board.

The survey will be the preliminary step to getting Federal funds to build a dock at Chester for loading coal, wheat, phosphate, and other produce from this area on barge lines.

MARION

A site has been purchased for the new $105,000 locker storage plant planned by the Williamson County Farmers' Co-operative.

The plant will be the center of food processing and storage for the county when auxiliary plants are set up, probably in Herrin and Johnston City.

To be 70x140 feet, the plant will house 1,267 lockers, have a two-car load capacity for zero temperature storage, and will include a complete meat and vegetable processing plant.

Construction will begin as soon as building materials can be obtained.

MOUNT CARMEL

The American Legion is building a new home for its members at the cost of $60,000. The planning and financing committee raised $30,000 by public subscription, and obtained the authority of the Legion to borrow the remaining $30,000 necessary to complete the structure.

MOUNT VERNON

The erection of a $95,000 Labor Temple is being planned by the Workman's Building Corporation.

A house and lot have been purchased, and construction will begin in the near future.

CHESTER

Title to the land where Governor Shadrach Bond is buried has been given to the State of Illinois by the City of Chester. It will be a state historical park.

Five thousand dollars was appropriated by the Legislature for the erection and maintenance of the park.

HERRIN

Construction on the Smoler Brothers factory, Chicago dress manufacturers, has begun. The new one-floor building is to cover 45,000 square feet, and will have its own cafeteria. An additional 45,000 feet of land has been contracted, should the factory need possible expansion space in the future. According to officials, the factory will employ some 450 workers.

CENTRALIA

The Federal Communications Commission granted the right to install a radio station, maintained on 1210 kilocycles and 1 kilowatt, to Hobart Stephenson. The permit limits the broadcasting to daytime programs. The call numbers will be WCNT.

CHESTER

Blueprints have been drawn for a $70,000 hospital, to be built by Dr. I. D. Newmark. The hospital will have an emergency room, modern operating facilities, and an up-to-date diagnostic laboratory.

ZEIGLER

In the first months of operation, the Zeigler dress factory, maintained by R. Lowenbaum Dress Manufacturing Company, of St. Louis, is beating previously estimated production rates, and is contemplating the hiring of additional personnel. In full swing, the factory will employ some two hundred workers.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS NORMAL UNIVERSITY

Perhaps the best thing to happen to Southern in a long time was the election of Doctor Percival Bailey, famous brain specialist of Chicago, to the presidency of the Alumni Association at its annual banquet this year. All Egypt awaits, anxiously, action by the up-state official.

Another progressive step taken at the meeting was the giving of a $100 check by the graduating class of 1946 to form the nucleus for funds to construct a student union building on the campus.

CARMI

Wet wash has been going through the wringers of the Carmi Ideal Laundry long enough for the citizens to know it's a clean deal. The unique feature of the laundry is its drive-in service enabling customers to pick up and deliver clothes at the front door.

This newly installed plant is up-to-date in all mechanical details, including a water softener, large flatwork ironer, automatic boiler system, and garment and shirt presses.

WILLISVILLE

The Rader Hat Company of St. Louis is opening a plant which will employ one hundred persons.

CARMI

Trinity Builders, of Chicago, contractors hired to erect the new $131,000 First Baptist Church, stated that the work will be finished in about five months.

The church, to be built in the shape of a T, will have a large main auditorium, a second floor, a full basement, church offices, a study and library, and a Sunday School department.

LAWRENCEVILLE

The new super four-lane U. S. 50 Highway between Sumner and Lawrenceville received its first layer of concrete on July 16.

Roy Biggs, Harrison County engineer heading the construction work, said the concrete on the road will be ten inches deep, and that the dual lanes each will be approximately twenty-four feet wide. The right of way will extend one hundred and fifty feet in width, and the dual pavements will be separated by an island.

CARMI

The new natural gas system for Carmi's Consumers Gas Company is being installed in time for cold weather usage. When completed, the line will constitute 76,000 feet of pipe extended from the Herald Prairie gas fields.

MURPHYSBORO

The Ayers-Hexagon Metal Manufacturing Company, a garage equipment supply shop, started shipments the fourth week in August. Now located at the Grob Motor Sales, the company will construct an auxiliary plant, in the near future, on a site near the G. M. & O. Railroad.

MOUNT CARMEL

Production has been going full blast for several months at the new Flintkote plant.

MARISSA

The More Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, has set up a branch plant in Marissa with clothing production in process.

WEST FRANKFORT

City officials have contracted with a Chicago bond house for the sale of $50,000 in revenue bonds to finance a municipal swimming pool to accommodate the densely populated area.

CRAB ORCHARD GAME REFUGE

The United States Fish and Wildlife Service has taken over approximately 22,000 acres at the east end of the Crab Orchard Ordnance Plant reservation. Under the direction of J. Clark Salyer, chief, Division of Wildlife Refuges of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, it is planned to make this area one of the major game refuges of the United States.

Between $500,000 and $600,000 will be spent on the Crab Orchard Refuge during the next five years.

WEST FRANKFORT

The Old King Coal Victory Cavalcade will be held at West Frankfort, October 3-5. Features of the colorful affair will include: numerous exhibits by coal companies, manufacturers, and supply companies; a reproduction of a coal mine, set up and in operation; a coal tree, from which will dangle the hundreds of by-products of coal; and a gigantic figure of Old King Coal, towering twenty feet into the air. Rides, shows, and concessions will lend a festive atmosphere to the occasion.

The main attraction of the Cavalcade is that all of the features presented will be free of charge. According to announcements, Paramount Studios already have arranged with the executive committee to take motion pictures of the celebration.

The three-day festival will be climaxed by a gigantic night parade, based on the story of Old King Coal. The affair will be presided over by the oldest coal miner in the county, chosen as Old King Coal.

CAIRO

The auxiliary plant of the Brown Shoe Company, brought to the city through the efforts of the Cairo Association of Commerce and the Retail Merchants Association, turned out its first pair of shoes on July 24.

Officials stated that the plant was operating with great efficiency, and, in its peak of production, expects to employ between 200 and 225 workers.

CARBONDALE

A branch office of the Central States Forest Experiment Station of the U. S. Forest Service recently has been set up under the direction of Dr. Leon S. Minckler, who has had eleven years' experience in forestry and land use research. Dr. Minckler will be assisted in the office by five technical men, a clerk-stenographer, and several technical assistants and laborers.

Carbondale will share the service with all of Southern Illinois, southwestern Indiana, southeastern Missouri, and extreme western Kentucky.

The work of the Forest Service will be to help solve the problems of land resource management of this region.

Temporary offices are located in the Post Office building.

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ANNA-JONESBORO

Located in the center of the rich fruit and vegetable farms of Southern Illinois, Anna-Jonesboro, which together have a population of approximately 6,500, are moving ahead rapidly. A fine balance between industry and agriculture has made these two cities, and the community surrounding them, rich and up-to-date in every respect.

Three banks in the two cities show more than $8,000,000 in assets. There are more than 250 business and professional firms in the two cities, and several new buildings have been constructed recently, to house additional business concerns.

The Anna Municipal Market has established itself over a ten-year period as one of the topmost markets in the entire United States. Farmers and growers bring their produce to the market daily, and receive their money on delivery. More than a half million dollars a year is paid directly to farmers and growers at the market. Buyers come here from all parts of the country to bid on the high quality produce of this section. Peaches, strawberries, beans, spinach, and cucumbers are among the leading crops sold in the area.

Heading Anna's industries is the International Shoe Company, with two factories in Anna—one for making shoes, and the other for the manufacture of wooden heels. When operating at full capacity these two factories employ some 700 to 800 men and women.

The Anna Quarries is another steady Anna industry. Many trucks are used by the excavation firm, in hauling gravel, stone of various sizes, and black-top to road and building projects all over this section of the country.

A city in itself is the Anna State Hospital, just north of Anna. The hospital has a patient population of more than 2,500, and employs about 400 doctors, nurses, attendants, and other workers. A new hospital for veterans, to cost an approximated $300,000, will be built soon on the hospital grounds.

Anna-Jonesboro schools rank high in recognized educational circles. The Anna-Jonesboro Community High School is located on a beautiful site between the two cities. A new $300,000 building for the institution will be constructed in the near future. Bonds and an increase in educational taxes will pay for the structure.

CARMI

The Illinois Baptist State Association will build and equip a $250,000 hospital at Carmi. Its operation will

One Man Alone Cannot—
United It Can Be Done—

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"IT PAYS TO BELONG"

Union County Farm Bureau
ANNA, ILL.

be handled locally, with the association acting in an advisory capacity.

HARRISBURG

Chamber of Commerce officials have announced the opening of a women's apparel plant, a branch of the Four Sisters Manufacturing Company, that will employ between 200 and 300 workers.

Wind and Rain

By Irene V. Brock

The wind blows high,
The wind blows low,
It bends our tree
Into a bow.

The air is charged
With the feel of rain;
And here it comes
Across the plain.

The wind-blown rain
Sweeps from the eaves;
And down it pours
In great big sheaves.

The Violin's Song

By Guyla Wallis Moreland

The violin's song laughs and sings
And pleads a lover's long lost cause.
It mounts the daybreak's silv'ry wings
Then scathes, the devil's own sharp claws.

My heart is pierced and I would cry
Or shout, or sing, or weep sweet tears.
It lifts my soul to mountains high,
Then grips my heart with gruesome fears.

Too quickly, then, its rhapsody
Entwines me with its silken ropes,
As string-worn fingers idly weave
A tapestry of hidden hopes.

It cleaves its way into my heart
And leaves me weeping as with pain,
Then lifts me up—a speeding dart,
And lo, I'm laughter-filled again.

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Anna, Illinois

Egyptorials

State Preserve Us

Earlier in this issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY, Mrs. Arthur R. Lawder tells the history of the Rock House at Rockwood. This should emphasize to Egyptians the importance of saving this historic relic.

The KEY asked for action in this matter some months ago. The KEY asked for the preservation and restoration of this house a long time ago, as did the Southern Illinois Historical Society, and as Greater Egypt Association has done. To date no one has moved in the matter.

The Old Slave House near Equality is another historic building that should be preserved. The Rose Hotel at Elizabethtown is still another. Recommendations have been made to the proper state officials, but nothing is done about these things.

One can see the loss at the Rock House from fire. Imagine what will be left of the Old Slave House and the Rose Hotel if fire starts in either one. The state should purchase these buildings at once, and treat them with anti-inflammable chemicals so that these historical landmarks may not be lost.

The KEY knows that the state has funds. The KEY knows that there are ways, and that there is time to do these things yet this year. Every day's delay is hazardous. Why can't Egypt get action?

The state of Illinois entered into a solemn pledge to preserve the Rock House when it purchased it. Why can't Illinois keep its pledge?

Home Work

The war is over, Praise God. The nation is coming back to normalcy. Egypt must face the future with determination.

Are the youth of the area to come home and find no place for their ambitions, for their energies? Are we to be satisfied with conditions as they have been for the past five years?

It is time now to start rehabilitation at home. Street widening, housing, parks, swimming pools, street signs, clean-up campaigns, community houses, and many other programs, are the order of the day. These must be started to be finished. Someone must take the initiative.

Egypt is blessed with many service clubs, with women's organizations, with chambers of commerce. Now is the time for these groups to get into action. Now is the time to build Egypt, to clean Egypt, to improve Egypt, to make Egypt attractive both from a physical standpoint, and as a land of opportunity for the young people of Egypt.

We all remember the old problem in arithmetic of the frog that was at the bottom of the well and jumped up three feet, but fell back each time two feet. Egypt cannot allow herself to get into a similar situation. It will not help us much to obtain a new industry that will bring one hundred newcomers into the area, and at the same time see eighty of our young people depart from Egypt to find opportunities elsewhere.

There are many cities in Egypt and many more good towns. All we need is an awakened civic spirit so that we can keep pace with the times. Above all else we must not stifle the enthusiasm and energy of our returning veterans. Much talk has been made of the bonus for the veterans. We are certain that the veterans will appreciate another bonus—a bonus of opportunity here at home—in Egypt.

Know America First

How many persons whom you meet in a day know who was Blennerhasset? How many know about Gallatin? Lieutenant Rowan?

How many know about the Icarian sojourn in Illinois? About the Rappites? About the Amana colonies?

How many are familiar with the details of the treaty that permitted the construction of the Panama Canal? Know what it was that Webster debated with Hayne? Know why the governor of Illinois always is a director of the Illinois Central Railroad?

The fault is not with the persons you know. The fault is with our educational system. Our public schools, our high schools, our colleges, are so permeated, so infiltrated, with "ologies" that good old history—United States history—almost has been tossed out the window.

If the youth of the United States had been taught the history of our own country during the last three decades —taught it as it is, and in its entirety—many of the trials and tribulations we are undergoing would not have taken place.

It may be true that such courses are offered at some schools of higher learning, but they are elective. As a result they are not elected. History has been "in the dog house" for years—in our modern philosophy. It has been smart to know more about the affairs of our neighbors than we know of our own family. It is considered proper in the select circles to be no longer an American.

The *New York Times* a couple of years ago made a test among 7,000 college freshmen. The results were appalling, horrifying. Among the answers were such indictments of our school system as these: Thomas Jefferson was the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, was the author of the Monroe Doctrine, was a Salvation Army worker! Theodore Roosevelt was a forest ranger! Examples could be continued for page after page.

The time has come in this chaotic world for Americans to come down to earth. For Americans to learn the history, the background, of this nation of ours. It is necessary that the oncoming generations know why this nation was founded—why our forefathers fought, bled, and died. We can assure you it was not for some elusive "ism," for some hairbrained ideal, for some impractical plan, for something thousands of miles away.

Today brings a challenge to our educators throughout our land. A challenge to teach American history, to *drill* American history. It should be as compulsory as the a, b, c's or the multiplication table.

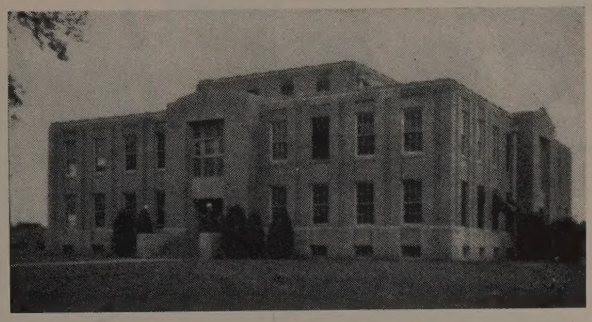
We feel that if we can get this knowledge of history into the heads of our youth, that it never again will be necessary to draft young men when the nation is not at war; that it never again will be necessary to have no meat, no bread, no sugar in the land of plenty.

Only through a thorough knowledge of history, especially of our own history, will our citizens be fortified to resist the influences that are in existence today, in all parts of the world, with the intent of wrecking this republic of the United States.

We are not alarmists, we are not politicians, we are not candidates, we are not unsocial, we are not heathen —we are—and are proud of it—just Americans.

Virgin Territory for Industry

McLEANSBORO ILLINOIS



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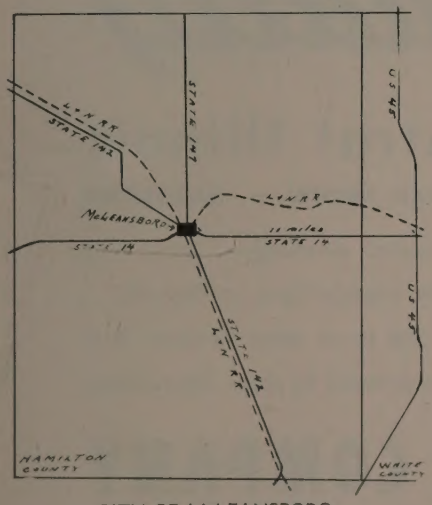

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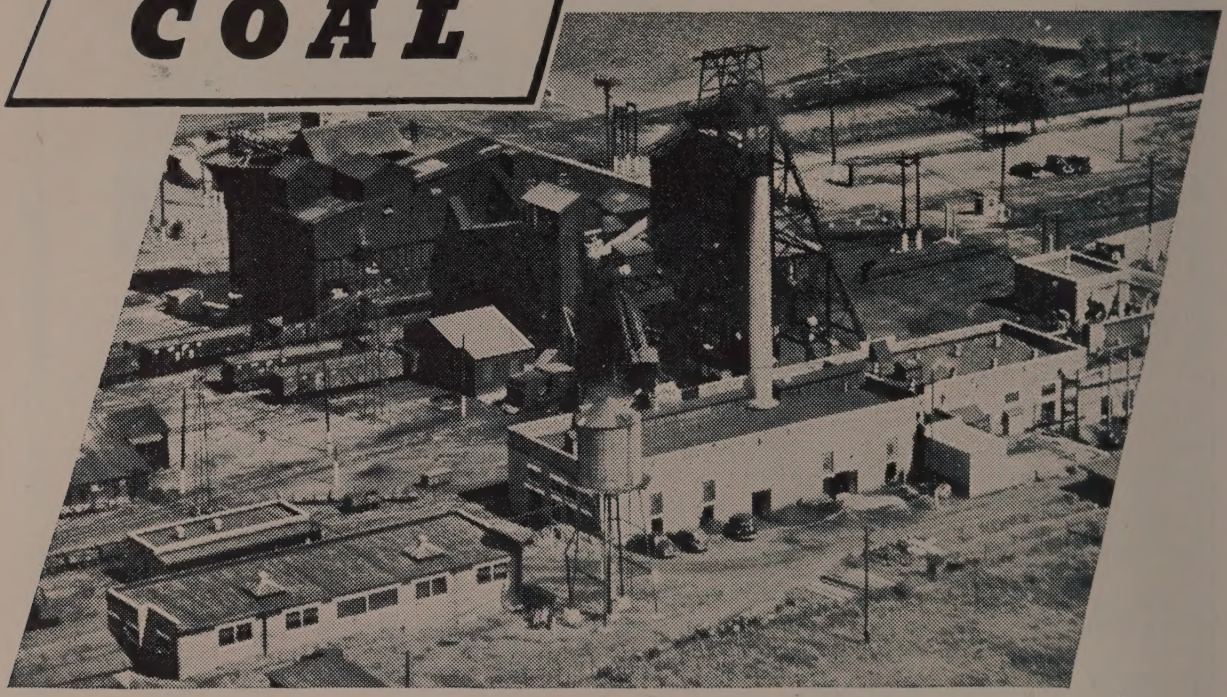

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